

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3375.—VOL. CXXIII

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1903

WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT  
IN COLOURS. } SIXPENCE.

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THE LAST OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S FIRST SERIES OF FISCAL CAMPAIGN SPEECHES: THE EX-COLONIAL SECRETARY ANNOUNCING THE FORMATION OF HIS COMMISSION OF BUSINESS EXPERTS AT LEEDS, DECEMBER 16.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY ERNEST FORBES HOLGATE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT LEEDS.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The humanitarian side of newspaper enterprise is one of the most remarkable symptoms of our upward progress. I read in the advertisements of a new journal that it will be delivered at the home of the subscriber by a charming fairy in the uniform of the Girl Messenger Brigade. The chubby urchins of the District Messenger corps are too earthy, I suppose, for this duty. The subscriber will be made to feel that angels' visits are no longer few and far between. He will have them daily, together with his newspaper, two magazines every month, and a picture-book; and all this illumination of the homestead for little more than a halfpenny a day, a mere trifle in the cost of living. No doubt the philanthropists who engage in the newspaper business will try to rival this. You may expect other appeals to the instinct of the home. The angelic visitor will bring any domestic pet for which you may have a fancy. Take a canary, for instance, and fresh seed will be supplied regularly, together with your soul-lifting sheet. If you prefer a parrot, the utmost care will be taken to ensure a decorous vocabulary. I read of a parrot lately which was in the habit of greeting strangers with "Don't be a fool!" Such a bird would never do for the subscribing home.

But how pleasantly suggestive of Christmas is the whole idea! It makes you think that Santa Claus has gone into journalism. You hang up your stockings before going to bed; and lo! in the morning one of them contains a paper for the home, and the other a bottle of patent medicine for the old complaint. And when you read the paper, and sip the medicine, and reflect that a hundred thousand subscribers are doing the same, will not this create a telepathic bond of homelike sentiment, and organise the brain-power of countless homes for great uses? Dickens never thought of that. If Marley's ghost had said to Mr. Scrooge, "Look here, Ebenezer, I've brought you a paper for the home. You are the very man who needs it most. It's only a guinea a year, and you'll have the charm of my society thrown in, for I shall deliver a copy myself every evening"—if Marley had taken that line, Scrooge would have become another man on the spot. If John Peerybingle had taken in a paper for the home, there would not have been that domestic complication in the "Cricket on the Hearth." But original minds cannot think of everything at once. Even the inventor of this great project has omitted to add to his prospectus a gift of six mince-pies to every subscriber with the first number. That will enlist the sympathies of the home more than the magazines and the picture-book. The fairy messenger, I notice, will be so obliging as to run your domestic errands, and make you feel, in short, that a beneficent spirit of journalism is directing your family life. Thus you will come to regard all papers which are not delivered at the home with various parcels as organs of a gross world, and the newsboys in the street will seem to you no better than lost little pagans.

The home has its sorrows at this season; and not the least of them is the cessation of those daily appeals to us to buy the "Encyclopædia Britannica." They stirred no ordinary emotions. This was no mere affair of traffic and barter. It touched the root of things, the foundations of civic virtue, the safeguards of morals. You felt that if you resisted those appeals the home would totter; it would have no sure basis of rectitude and knowledge. At the end it came to telegrams. To the distinguished company at the centenary banquet of Madame Tussaud's, Mr. Comyns Carr related how he had left his home that evening in fear and trembling because it was not standing on the "Encyclopædia," four-square to all the winds that blow. A telegram had warned him of his danger; and there he was toying with waxworks, when he ought to have been hastening with his subscription to Printing House Square. How many homes have been rescued at the last moment; how many have remained callous to the crack of doom? In the *Times* have appeared some wonderful statistics. The skins of half-a-million goats have gone in bindings; gold leaf for lettering and edges has cost £50,000; the Post Office is the richer by £60,000 in stamps; the packing-cases "would, if arranged in a solid block, form an edifice as big as St. Paul's Cathedral and the Houses of Parliament combined." Who will ever be able to look at St. Paul's again without thinking of the packing-cases? Newspaper advertising has cost £200,000, and a multitude of journals and magazines has been enriched by the bounteous stream. And think of the flood of harmless fun which has contributed to the "most earnest adoption throughout the nation of the means for a sound education" and a "higher intellectual standard"!

The *Times* has not disdained to acknowledge its debt to the parodists. "Anybody with a sense of humour can appreciate the comical side of a persistent and vigorous attempt to rouse preoccupied or negligent humanity to a sense of its own interests." The famous advertisements certainly did that; but I do not find among the statistics any computation of the share of

parody in "a gigantic commercial success." Surely pre-occupied or negligent humanity, in awaking to its own interests, also awoke to the fun of the thing! If St. Paul's reminds us of the packing-cases, why should not a set of the "Encyclopædia" remind the purchaser of all the drolleries he has read on the subject? They have done their part in the raising of the intellectual standard. I wonder, indeed, that the *Times* did not offer the volumes as a prize for the funniest travesty of its persistence and vigour. That would have shown a true appreciation of its most potent allies. It is not too late even now to repair this oversight.

The year which is going out has witnessed a curious resurrection. Thomas Creevey, who has been dead about seventy years, is now a man about town. Half the reading men you meet are quoting him. At the club, "The Creevey Papers" is much more in demand than any novels. Sir Herbert Maxwell, who edits him, says he wrote with the frankness of Pepys; and I suppose it is that which takes the fancy of so many readers in this polite age. The letters and diaries that are written now may seem rather savourless to the next generation; but old Creevey is a feast of plain English. There is an eminent nobleman still living who, when he was member of a certain Ministry, wrote a letter to a friend about a horse. The friend, not observing a postscript on the back page, sent the letter to one of the eminent nobleman's strongest political opponents, who was amused to read: "I wonder how long this d—d Government is going to last!" That story had a wide vogue years ago as an illustration of forcible candour in the "hupper suckles." Bless you! it is angelic reticence compared with Creevey. "Low, lying, dirty, shuffling villainy" is one of his mildest comments on the character of a friend who was almost a crony. George III. was an "old ruffian," and Pitt a "black-guard." The charm of Creevey is that his strong language is not offensive; you take it like the breezy extravagances of Sir Anthony Absolute.

Samuel Rogers relates that George IV., then Prince of Wales, told him an agreeable thing that had dropped from Thurlow. "Sir," said Thurlow to the Prince, "your father will continue to be a popular Prince as long as he continues to go to church on Sunday, and to be faithful to that ugly woman, your mother; but you, Sir, will never be popular." George would probably have relished a gem from Creevey about "Prinney," as he called the Regent. Meeting the Duke of Leeds one day, the Prince said, "Duke, you are one of the few people I can trust. Dine with me to-day at six." "Which he did," adds Creevey, "and they both got so drunk as to be nearly speechless." I daresay the recorder of this charming incident congratulated both heroes on their confidential intimacy. There was no hypocritical flummery about Creevey. He lived among the great who habitually spoke their minds. The minds were not always of the highest order; but they had a simplicity which bubbles up in his pages with captivating freshness. "D—d rum figure!" was the expression he applied in a genial moment to a royal personage. It suits himself to perfection. We sit in snug corners at the club, and chuckle over his rumness, deploring to one another the sad lack of this quality in our contemporaries.

To the *Britannia* naval cadets the other day an exalted official made an address, wherein he warned them to avoid the example of Louis XVI. Why choose that particular monarch to point a moral? I thought of this as I listened at the Tussaud banquet to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's picturesquely gruesome recital how several heads were taken from the guillotine during the Terror to be modelled in wax at Madame Tussaud's studio. Perhaps the naval cadet, when he visits the waxworks in the Marylebone Road, will catch Lord Selborne's meaning. He must keep his head well screwed on. The luckless Bourbon neglected the business of governing, and set up as an amateur locksmith. It will never do for the naval cadet to give his mind to clockmaking. He should be grateful to me for making plain these simple but necessary truths. I was thinking less of him, however, at Mr. John Tussaud's hospitable board than of that weird modelling of the beheaded aristocrats. Did the artist command her nerve until the process became purely technical? And if Madame Tussaud suddenly came back to model us now, would she say, with a calm professional air, "Heads off, gentlemen, please"?

I dreamt that night that there was a great crowd flocking into the waxworks, everybody clamouring to be modelled. We jostled one another a good deal, and there were snappish remarks, such as "You here? What makes you imagine that *your* effigy is wanted?" Mr. John Tussaud was most obliging. "If you will kindly leave your heads in the cloak-room," he said, "I will do the best I can." There was a circular aperture in a wooden screen; and when you put your head through this—swish! it was off, and an attendant placed it on a shelf and gave you a ticket. Headless persons walked away quite comfortable and content. A singular dream—not without significance!

## IN FAME'S BY-PATHS.

III.—SOME THINKERS OF PAST CENTURIES:  
WILLIAM OF OCKHAM.

Bacon has taught us to despise the Schoolmen, so that a man may have been dubbed "Venerabilis Inceptor" "Doctor Singularis," and even "Doctor Invincibilis" in the days of Scholasticism without gaining more than the narrowest of niches in our modern temples of Fame or of Philosophy. And yet the bearer of these titles was a notable person in his day. At the time when the Oxford custodia of the Franciscan Order was flourishing exceedingly, when students flocked to them from all the countries of Europe, and teachers were sent forth from their numbers to every University, William of Ockham was a friar of orders grey. Rumour says that Duns Scotus—the *doctor subtilis*—was his tutor. If he were, William in later years treated his opinions with scant courtesy. To this degree, however, he followed in his steps—that he became one of those who were singled out for lectureships abroad, and was sent, after the cosmopolitan fashion of the day, to be a teacher in Paris. Here he early made his mark in the controversies which in the feverish Middle Ages shook not only the world of thought, but the world which never thought at all. At the time when he entered the arena—the early part of the fourteenth century—the battle lay between the Realists and the Nominalists, with the Conceptualists to take a part as unreliable as that of the modern Irish party. It was purely a contest of ideas. The Nominalists held that there are no general ideas to correspond with general terms, while the Realists stoutly contended that there were; but the course of this wordy warfare was attended in all the cities of Europe with the wildest excitement. The Universities were crowded with students eager to qualify themselves to take part in the disputes. No less an authority than Richard Fitzgerald, Archbishop of Armagh, tells us that in his day there were no fewer than thirty thousand lay scholars alone in Oxford. It was not an age of statistics, and we must only gather from his Grace's obvious exaggeration that there were vast numbers.

But a University education was by no means necessary. Persons of all conditions became involved in the dispute, and those who could not argue fell to blows. The disputants would shout till they were hoarse, insults were followed by grimaces, threats, and blows, and many would be wounded and not a few killed. Poor Philosophy! William of Ockham entered the fray to combat the Realists rather than to comfort the Nominalists—in fact, he may be termed a Conceptualist, except that his destructive criticisms of existing theories had the effect of cutting a new pathway in the thicket.

But the times afforded a new outlet for his energies. The Franciscans had been wont to boast of a perfection beyond their rivals on the ground that they were without possessions, and that their poverty was the poverty of Christ. The contention rested really on a mere legal quibble, inasmuch as they had the use of the possessions held for them. But this fact was of little moment in the Middle Ages. Pope John XXII. aroused a tumult of protest from the whole order by his bull entitled, "In Conditorem Canonum," in which he made away with the principle and the Franciscan boast; and in the controversy which followed, William of Ockham took a part which gained for him yet another title, "the Glory and Reproach of his Order."

He immediately began to make public protest in a sermon preached at Bologna; and in 1323 the Bishops of Ferrara and Bologna were ordered to make inquiries and send him, unless he satisfied them, to Avignon to answer for his heresies. It was not till 1327, however, that he was imprisoned in that town; and in the meanwhile his advocacy of the principle of evangelical poverty had been unceasing. It is said that at this time a rich and noble lady, more admiring, we may gather, than understanding his crusade, gave him seventy florins. His prison doors, when at last they closed on him, do not seem to have been very fast; for one dark night he, with Michael de Cesena and Bonagratia, slipped down the turbulent Rhone in a small boat; and though Cardinal Peter of Porto started in pursuit, they reached the vessel sent for them by Louis of Bavaria in safety. From that day Louis constituted himself the protector of these revolting priests. "Tu me defende gladio, ego te defendam verbo," William is reported to have said, and the compact held.

The priests were excommunicated, but Pope John somewhat weakly supplemented the excommunication with a *libellus* of his reasons. William revelled in a controversy. In ninety days he composed his answer, point to point, and to-day the "Opus Nonaginta Dierum" may be seen as a fair-sized volume, a monument of erudition and industry, to compare with Bentley's "Phalaris." The Pope again returned a *libellus*, and again William answered, this time with the "De Dogmatibus Papæ Johannis XXII." By this time William's opposition to the Papal see had become ingrained, and, urged on by his duty to his patron and his own inherent love of the strife, his pen knew no rest. The death of Pope John did not stay him, and John's successor on the throne, Benedict XII., had to face his innumerable shrewd thrusts. It was William's plan to set forth the whole question in a vast Dialogue—a form of literature much favoured in the Middle Ages, as presenting great opportunities for the display of subtle argument and dialectical skill, and as providing a cloak of fairness for the most unrelenting partisanship—but it is not known whether the design was ever completed. At last he grew weary of the struggle. Clement VI. had succeeded Benedict, and was ready to receive back the revolting friar to the bosom of the Church. A formal document of the errors he was to renounce was drawn up, and a formidable document it was; but it is not known whether William ever signed it. He died at about that time—in 1347 it is supposed—and one almost hopes recantation went too much against the grain, and that he went on fighting to the end.

H. T. WHITAKER.



## PROGRESS OF THE FISCAL CAMPAIGN.

Speaking at Leeds the day after the Dulwich and Lewisham elections, Mr. Chamberlain said that recent circumstances seemed to show that the Duke of Devonshire's encyclical to Unionist voters did not possess pontifical authority. Mr. Chamberlain announced the formation of "a non-political Commission of experts," comprising representatives of every principal industry, of India, the Crown Colonies, and the great self-governing Colonies, to frame "a model tariff," on which the country would be invited to pass judgment. The Commission would invite the testimony of witnesses in every trade, and of every shade of opinion. Mr. Chamberlain read a letter from Mr. Charles Booth, who has written a monumental work on the condition of the London poor. Mr. Booth declared himself a supporter of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. He did not think this would raise the cost of living, and if it did, there would be ample compensation in the increase of employment.

Among the members of Mr. Chamberlain's Commission are Sir Vincent Caillard, Mr. Charles Booth, Mr. Charles Allen, of the Bessemer Steel Company; Mr. Chaplin, Sir William Lewis, the great colliery proprietor; Sir Andrew Noble, vice-chairman of the Armstrong Company; Sir Alfred Hickman, iron and steel magnate; Sir Alfred Jones, head of the shipping firm of Elder, Dempster, and Co.; Sir Alexander Henderson, chairman of the Great Central Railway; Mr. Richard Burbidge, managing director of Harrod's Stores; Sir Charles Tennant, Sir Walter Peace, Agent-General for Natal; Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, and Mr. Waring, head of the furniture firm of Waring and Gillow. The appointment of the Commission has caused a great commotion in political circles. On the one hand, it is welcomed as a body of practical men of great experience, who will present a carefully matured scheme of tariff reform; and on the other hand, it is denounced as a packed tribunal, which effaces the Government, and even challenges the prerogative of the Crown.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "ALL FLETCHER'S FAULT," AT THE AVENUE.

As a 'prentice hand's first attempt, Mr. Mostyn Pigott's comedy, "All Fletcher's Fault," shows sufficient merit to deserve tender treatment. Nevertheless, the dramatist on whom Miss Beryl Faber has relied to open her management has not yet succeeded in producing a wholly acceptable play. A facile writer of neat occasional verse, Mr. Pigott can turn out clever mots readily enough, but he has made the mistake of trying to blend in his stage fantasy smart epigram and broad sentiment; moreover, at the back of his sentiment there is not a sufficient reserve of true observation. His plot is derived from Charles Reade's "Christie Johnstone"; but playgoers will more readily recognise a resemblance between the Avenue piece's central idea and that of "A Message from Mars." Here once more a blasé society man is cured of selfish indolence by discovering the delights of benevolence; but this time the cause of his conversion is an unconventional doctor's prescription, and its engineer a valet—the titular Fletcher. The scene of the Earl's charity is Covent Garden Market at early morning, and his beneficiaries, various cadgers and loafers, make an amusingly incongruous group at a peer's breakfast-table. Unfortunately, Mr. Pigott has not troubled to study his market at first hand, and his only vivid characters are the Crichton-like valet, a flower-girl, and a raffish Bohemian, realistically portrayed by Mr. McKinnel, Mrs. Maesmore Morris, and Mr. Somerset respectively. Needless to add, Mr. James Erskine looks the Earl.

## MUSIC.

The programme of the Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall on Dec. 12 began with the beautiful Symphony in F minor of Tschaiakowsky. It is too seldom heard in comparison with the fifth and sixth symphonies; but it is well worth attention, and should become equally popular. It is essentially national music, and has all the latent barbaric feeling, dominated by the genius of Tschaiakowsky in conforming it to the laws of musical composition. Mr. Henry Wood really, without exaggeration, surpassed himself in his conducting. The Concerto in A minor of Grieg had the good fortune to be interpreted by the pianoforte-solo part by Madame Carreno. She is a pianist of excellent performance, of student-like thoughtfulness and subtle appreciations. The Academical Festival Overture of Brahms was also given. Madame Schumann-Heink sang very gracefully and with considerable feeling the Recitative and Rondo from Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito," "Non più di fiori."

A very clever, lucid, and original paper on Hector Berlioz, to mark appreciation of his centenary, was read by Mr. Tom S. Wotton at the Musical Association on Dec. 8, dealing with him rather as a musician than as a man. Mr. Wotton combated the accepted idea of Berlioz's hatred of fugues, and shed a new light on his ideas on programme music. In the customary discussion which followed, it was decided that it is correct to pronounce the final "z" in the French composer's name, although the Parisians invariably clip it.

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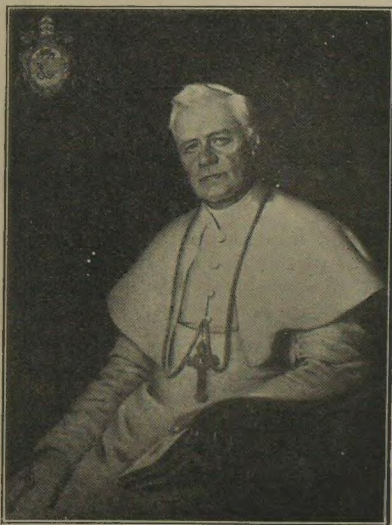
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Sheffield .. .. .	9 45	11 19	12 19	1 19	2 19
Leeds .. .. .	9 54	11 28	12 28	1 28	2 28
Cardiff .. .. .	11 23	1 30	2 30	3 30	4 30
Dumfries .. .. .	11 30	1 30	2 30	3 30	4 30
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Kilmarnock .. .. .	11 30	1 30	2 30	3 30	4 30
Glasgow (St. Enoch) .. .. .	11 30	1 30	2 30	3 30	4 30
Edinburgh (Waverley) .. .. .	11 30	1 30	2 30	3 30	4 30
Dundee .. .. .	11 30	1 30	2 30	3 30	4 30
Perth .. .. .	11 30	1 30	2 30	3 30	4 30
ABERDEEN .. .. .	11 30	1 30	2 30	3 30	4 30

## WEEKDAYS.

## SUNDAYS.

	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
ABERDEEN .. .. . dep.	5 30	7 45	9 15	10 45	12 15
Perth .. .. .	7 55	10 10	11 40	1 10	2 40
Dundee .. .. .	8 10	10 25	11 55	1 25	2 55
Edinburgh (Waverley) .. .. .	8 30	10 45	12 15	1 45	3 15
Glasgow (St. Enoch) .. .. .	8 40	10 55	12 25	1 55	3 25
Kilmarnock .. .. .	8 50	11 05	12 35	2 05	3 35
Strauraer Harbour (from Belfast and North of Ireland) .. .. .	8 50	11 05	12 35	2 05	3 35
Dumfries .. .. .	8 50	11 05	12 35	2 05	3 35
Cardiff .. .. .	12 25	2 40	4 10	5 40	7 10
Leeds .. .. .	12 45	3 00	4 30	6 00	7 30
Sheffield .. .. .	12 55	3 10	4 40	6 10	7 40
Nottingham .. .. .	1 10	3 25	4 55	6 25	7 55
Leicester .. .. .	1 20	3 35	5 05	6 35	8 05
LONDON (St. Pancras) .. .. .	7 10	7 50	8 50	9 30	10 10

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	B	C	D	E	F	G
VICTORIA .. .. .	9 25	10 5	11 0	11 5	12 15	12 15

B.—Sundays & Christmas Day, Eastbourne, 10s. 1st Cl. C.—Week-days (except Christmas Day), 12s. Brighton, 13s. Worthing (Pullman to Brighton). D.—Brighton "Pullman Limited," Sundays & Christmas Day, 12s. Brighton & Worthing. E.—Brighton & Worthing, Sundays & Christmas Day, 10s. 1st; 12s. (Pullman to Brighton). F.—Eastbourne, Sundays & Christmas Day, Pullman 12s. G.—Brighton, Sundays & Christmas Day, 10s. 1st; 12s. Pullman.

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## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

CHRISTMASTIDE.  
(See Supplement.)

Once again it is our pleasant duty to wish our readers the compliments of the season; and believing, as becomes the senior illustrated paper, in the old-fashioned observance of the festival on up-to-date lines, we publish a Coloured Supplement, reviving an old song and setting forth for the first time a new version of an ancient story. Elsewhere in the number Christmas holds sway, and we illustrate its observance abroad. Particularly noteworthy is the German Weinachtsmann, with his sack of oddly inappropriate gifts. The real presents are discovered afterwards.

## RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

The Far Eastern crisis is still acute. Whatever the precise terms of the Russian reply to the Japanese proposals, they have evidently made a bad impression at Tokyo. If it be true that Russia

whereupon they discovered two strong sacks, one large and one small, tied with string. Monsignor Merry del Val and Signor Puccinelli, the Papal financier, were hastily summoned, and the find was taken into the Pope's presence, and on opening the sacks, which weighed three hundredweight, a sum of £361,000 was revealed, all in gold pieces. There is a pathetic significance in the discovery, for it betrays in the late excellent Pontiff that weakness, so often accompanying extreme age, of accumulating secret hoards.

"LITTLE MISS NOBODY,"  
AT THE  
COURT THEATRE.

as that which last week gave a rendering of the old Lyric success, "Little Miss Nobody," at the Court Theatre. Amateur theatricals in general, and those devoted to charity in particular, are too frequently remarkable for energy, to the extinction of art; and he who occupies the seat for which he has purchased a ticket is doubly charitable. In the case under review, however, art and energy were happily blended. The first attribute was chiefly represented by two ladies of the cast, Miss Trixie M'Geoch and Miss Daisy M'Geoch, the former of whom, as Maggie, danced daintily into immediate favour; while the latter gave quite a "professional" performance of Trixie Triplet. Miss Viola Hubbard, in the name-part, sang with much skill; and Mr. J. Arthur Bleackley, if he did not recall Mr. John Le Hay, at least gave an amusing version of Christopher Potter. The remaining members of the cast worked with commendable thoroughness.

THE EASTERN  
PROBLEM.

Judging from a formal statement by Count Goluchowski, Austria and Russia are enormously pleased with themselves in the Macedonia business. They are so lost in admiration of their own diplomatic cleverness that they have not found it necessary to mature a scheme for the reorganisation of the gendarmerie. Moreover, negotiations at Constantinople are at a standstill. The Austrian and Russian assessors for Macedonia have been appointed, but nothing is settled as to their duties. The Sultan has resumed his procrastinating tactics, but he is not more procrastinating than the two Powers who are supposed to be leading him gently along the path of reform. Count Goluchowski is certain that they have done far more than could have been effected by the Concert of Europe. As they have done practically nothing, this calculation is not helpful. Boris Sarafoff is said to have intimated

that the Macedonians will rise again in the spring. Any excuse for that enterprise ought to be taken away by the prompt action of Austria and Russia. But there is considerable probability that the spring will find them still discussing and not acting; and that tension will again be created between Turkey and Bulgaria, in spite of the solemn lecture which Count Goluchowski has thought fit to address to the Government of the Principality.

THE DUKE  
OF NORFOLK'S  
ENGAGEMENT.

The forthcoming marriage of the Duke of Norfolk to the Hon. Gwendolen Mary Maxwell, the heiress presumptive to the Scottish barony of Herries of Terregles, will unite two ancient noble houses of the two kingdoms. Lady Mary, who was born on Jan. 11, 1877, is the Duke's first cousin, once removed, and on this account it will be necessary to obtain the Pope's sanction for the union, as both the parties are within the prohibited degrees of the Roman Church. Miss Maxwell is descended from that Earl of Nithsdale who was taken prisoner at Preston during the rebellion of 1715, and was sent to the Tower, from which he romantically escaped. The title of Herries was forfeited, and was not revived till 1858, in favour of William Constable-Maxwell, who thus became tenth Lord Herries. His eldest son married the Hon. Angela Mary Fitzalan Howard, the Duke of Norfolk's cousin, who became the mother of the future Duchess.

THE NEW BISHOP  
OF GIBRALTAR.

The new Bishop of Gibraltar, the Rev. William Edward Collins, Professor of Ecclesiastical History at King's College, London, was educated at Selwyn College, Cambridge, and ordained in 1890. He was first licensed to the curacy of All Hallows, Barking, but after a year there he resigned in order to take up the position of lecturer at Selwyn College and at St. John's College. His appointment to King's College dates from 1893. He was the editor of the theological department of the supplementary volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The Bishop's diocese is one of the most extensive in existence, and embraces practically the whole of the Mediterranean. He has to spend a great portion of his time in travelling.

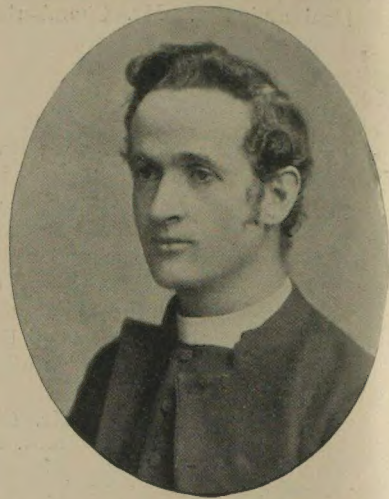


Photo. Russell.  
THE RIGHT REV. W. E. COLLINS,  
THE NEW BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR.

Recent scandals in the German Army have been the subject of debate in the Reichstag, where the Minister of War spoke very frankly about the conduct of certain officers. In a frontier garrison town the pastimes of the officers excited the literary ambition of a lieutenant who described them in a novel. For this he was tried, and sentenced to a moderate penalty, the court finding that his statements were substantially accurate. Still more serious are the cases of gross cruelty by non-commissioned officers to their men. One particular sergeant was convicted of almost incredible brutality. It is well known that the frequent desertions of German soldiers over the French frontier is entirely due to this cause. The inhuman treatment of the private soldier is fostered by a spirit of militarism quite unknown in this country. The British Army has many defects, but it does not breed the type of ruffian who is so conspicuous just now before the German courts-martial. Perhaps our German critics will remember this when next they have occasion to write about the British soldier.

KING'S COLLEGE  
HOSPITAL.

We are authorised to state that the donor of the site on Denmark Hill for the new buildings of King's College Hospital is the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, who is the chairman of the Removal Committee and treasurer of King's College. Mr. Smith wishes his donation to be associated with the memory of his father, the late Mr. W. H. Smith, who was for many years treasurer of the hospital; and, acting in accordance with his wishes, the committee have decided to associate Mr. W. H. Smith's name with the central administrative block of the new hospital.



Photo. Lafayette.  
THE FUTURE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK: THE HON. GWENDOLEN MAXWELL.

THE CHARITY PERFORMANCES OF "LITTLE MISS NOBODY" BY AMATEURS  
AT THE COURT THEATRE: THE PRINCIPALS.  
SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

demands concessions which would virtually give her the command of Northern Korea, it is difficult to see how Japan can acquiesce in such an encroachment. To claim Northern Korea, and offer Southern Korea to Japan, is a diplomacy which does not make for peace. Korea has a very long coast-line, and Russia is reported to have claimed the right to establish coaling stations wherever she thinks fit. The whole situation points to war unless Russia will waive her designs on Korea, at any rate for a time, or unless Japan should decide that the risks of a struggle are too great. It may be remarked that when Great Britain gave up Port Hamilton some sixteen years ago, Russia disclaimed all idea of encroaching upon the Korean kingdom. The history of Russian diplomacy these thirty years is full of such disclaimers. No pledge that Russia has ever given has proved other than temporary. Rumours that Japan had sent an ultimatum to Russia must not be too rashly credited. It is difficult to see what the two Powers have to gain by hostilities, for Japan could not hope to win, and Russia would not be allowed by the other Powers to crush her utterly.

TREASURE TROVE AT  
THE VATICAN.

An extraordinary story comes from the Vatican. It appears that one morning last week Cardinal Gotti, Prefect of the Propaganda, and Monsignor Marzolini, the late Pope's secretary, bearing a huge parcel which they would entrust to no one else, visited Pius X., with whom they remained closeted for two hours. When they retired, they no longer carried the parcel. The story goes that the Cardinal and his colleague laid before his Holiness bonds to the value of one million three hundred thousand pounds which had been from time to time entrusted to their keeping by the late Pontiff. Cardinal Gotti said that Leo XIII. had told him that in case he should become Pope, the money should be at his disposal; but in the event of another being elected, it should be delivered to the successor, not, however, until four months had elapsed from the date of Leo's death. The depositaries had been charged to keep the matter secret until the delivery of the money. But this was not all. Next day, the electricians and upholsterers who are making alterations in the late Pope's library had occasion to move some books from a corner case,





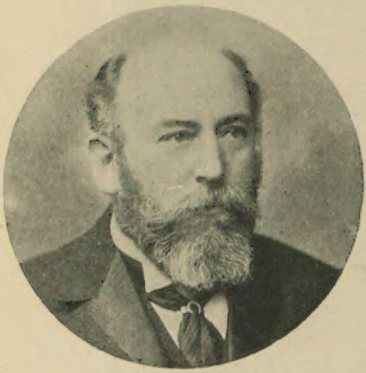
"THEY THAT STAND HIGH HAVE MANY BLASTS TO SHAKE THEM": THE PERILS OF BUILDING THE NEW YORK SKY-SCRAPERS.

CENTRAL DRAWING BY GORDON H. GRANT; THE BORDER BY A. HUGH FISHER.

The huge buildings of New York are constructed of an iron frame filled with brickwork, and during the building operations the workmen take coolly the most hazardous chances. The iron frame greatly facilitates the speed of working, for it is possible to build down as well as up; that is to say, the spaces between the iron uprights can be filled with brickwork in every storey simultaneously. One of the small drawings of New York appearing in the margin has been made from a photograph in "New York Sketches," by permission of the publishers, Messrs. George Newnes.



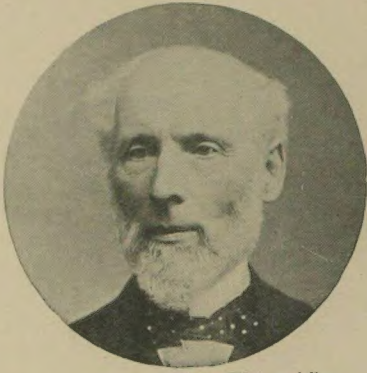
MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S COMMISSION OF BUSINESS EXPERTS TO INQUIRE  
INTO THE FISCAL QUESTION.



MR. RICHARD BURBIDGE,  
Chairman of Messrs. Harrods, Limited.



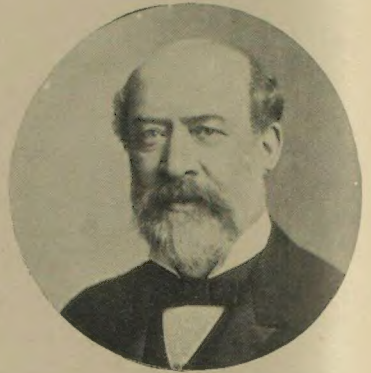
*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
MR. J. H. BIRCHENOUGH,  
Silk-Manufacturer.



*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
SIR CHARLES TENNANT, BART.,  
Eminent Chemist.



*Photo. Whitlock Brothers.*  
SIR A. HICKMAN,  
M.P. for Wolverhampton West.  
(Iron and Coal Magnate.)



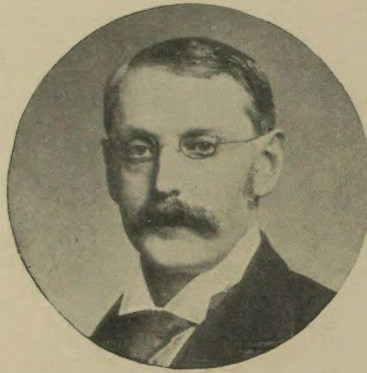
*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
SIR WALTER PEACE, K.C.M.G.,  
Agent-General for Natal.



*Photo. Lancaster.*  
MR. S. J. WARING,  
Head of Messrs. Waring and Gillows, Ltd.  
(Furniture Manufacturer and Decorator.)



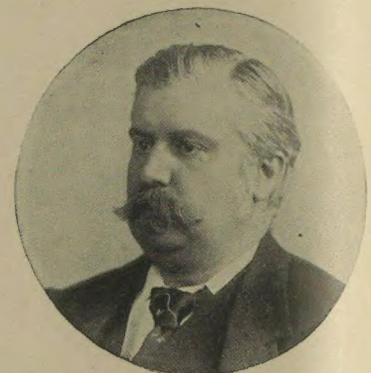
*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
THE RIGHT HON. HENRY CHAPLIN,  
M.P. for the Sleaford Division  
of Lincolnshire.



*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
THE HON. CHARLES PARSONS, F.R.S.,  
Electrician and Maker of Turbine  
Steam-Boats.



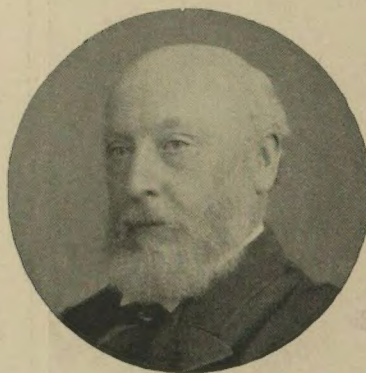
*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
SIR ANDREW NOBLE, BART, K.C.B.,  
Vice-Chairman of Messrs. Armstrong,  
Whitworth, and Co.



*Photo. Barrand.*  
SIR A. JONES,  
Head of Messrs. Elder, Dempster, and Co.  
(Shipowner.)



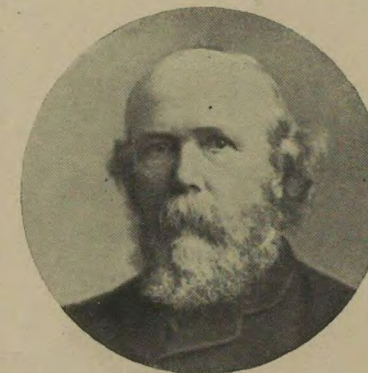
*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
MR. ALFRED MOSELEY, C.M.G.,  
Expert on United States Industry  
and Education.



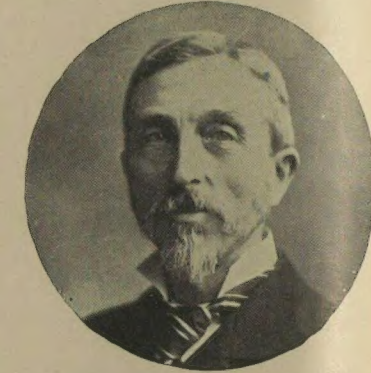
*Photo. Whitlock.*  
MR. A. KEEN,  
Chairman of Messrs. Guest, Keen,  
and Nettlefold. (Mechanical Engineer.)



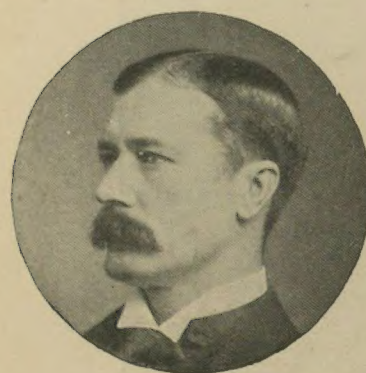
*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON,  
Chairman of the Tariff Reform League.  
(Newspaper Proprietor.)



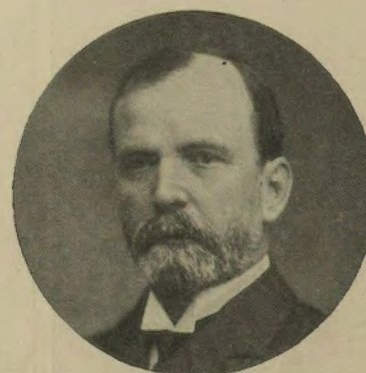
*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
SIR WILLIAM T. LEWIS,  
Authority on Engineering and Mining.



*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
MR. CHARLES BOOTH, D.Sc., F.R.S.,  
Leading Authority on the Social Condition  
of London.



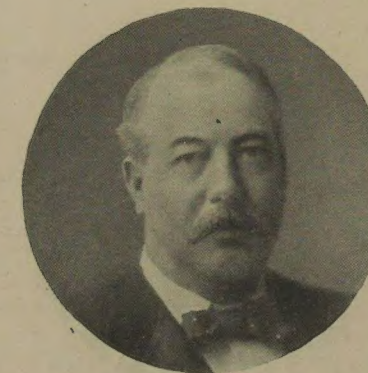
*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
SIR ALEXANDER HENDERSON, BART.,  
M.P. for West Stafford.  
(Chairman of Great Central Railway.)



*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
MR. J. HOWARD COLLS,  
Builder and Contractor.



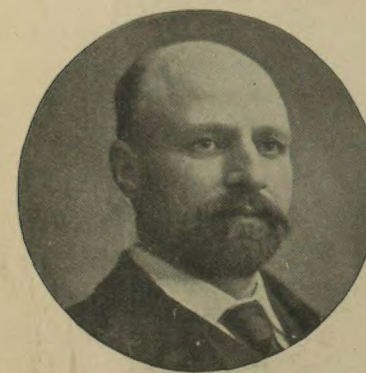
MR. F. LEVERTON HARRIS,  
M.P. for Tynemouth.  
(Shipowner and Coal-Factor.)



*Photo. Forde.*  
MR. J. J. CANDLISH,  
Glass-Maker.



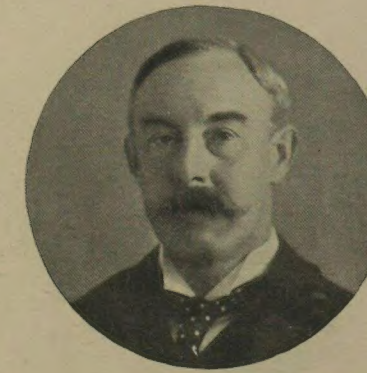
*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
COLONEL CHARLES ALLEN,  
Steel-Manufacturer.



*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
MR. A. W. MACDONOCHIE,  
M.P. for East Aberdeenshire.  
(Meat Preserver and Packer.)



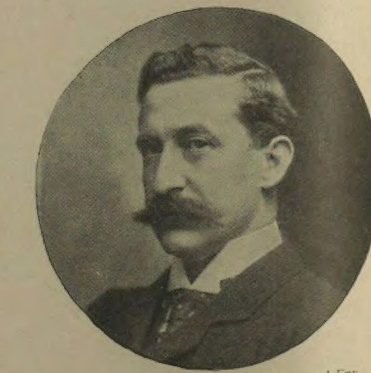
*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
MR. W. H. GRENFELL,  
M.P. for Wycombe Division of Bucks.  
(Economist.)



*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
MR. W. H. MITCHELL,  
Woollen Manufacturer.



*Photo. Bassano.*  
PROFESSOR W. A. S. HEWINS,  
Secretary.



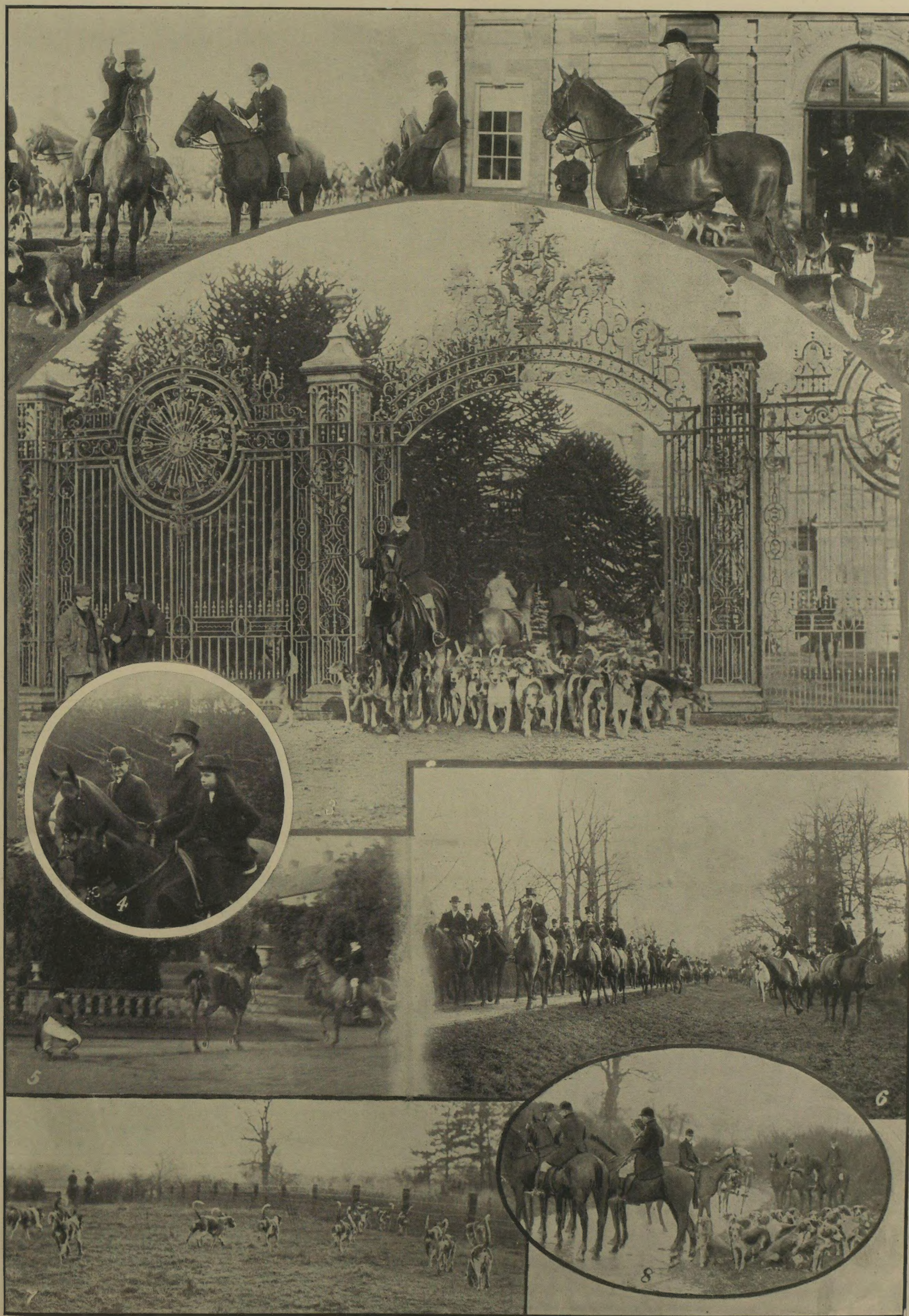
*Photo. Elliott and Fry.*  
SIR VINCENT CAILLARD,  
President of the Ottoman Debt.  
(Director of Messrs. Vickers, Maxim.)

The Commission will formulate a scheme to be called the "Model Tariff," which will be placed before the country for judgment. Besides those members whose portraits are given above, the Commission includes Mr. John Arthur Corah (great Leicester hosier), Mr. R. H. Reade (Belfast flax-spinner), and Sir John Turney (Nottingham leather-manufacturer).



FAMOUS ENGLISH HUNTS.—No. V.: THE ATHERSTONE FOXHOUNDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOWDEN.



1. MR. J. C. MUNRO, THE MASTER (IN CAP),  
AND LORD DENBIGH.

2. GEORGE WHITMORE, THE HUNTSMAN.

3. THE PACK AT NEWNHAM PADDOX (LORD DENBIGH'S  
ESTATE).

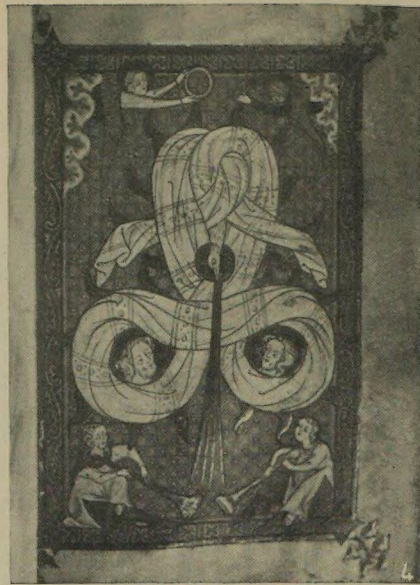
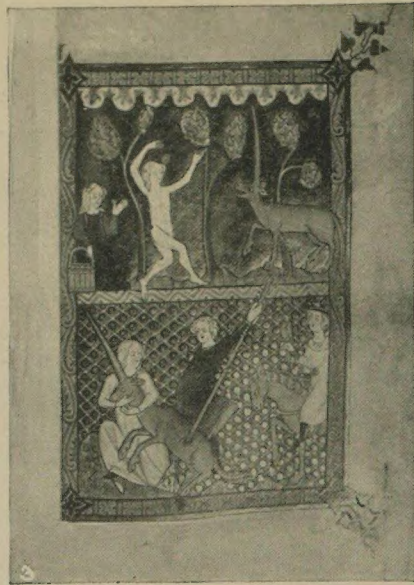
4. LORD DENBIGH WITH ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS.

5. THROWN OFF.

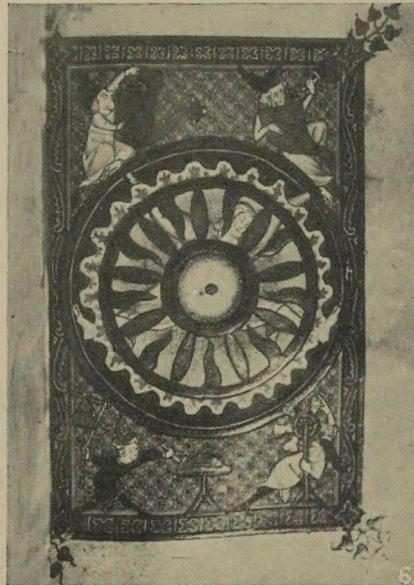
6. A BIG FIELD WAITING WHILE HOUNDS DRAW.

7. RUNNING ON A SLOW SCENT. 8. A CHECK.





THE curiosity in manuscripts from which some pages are here figured is a tiny volume of vellum. Its age cannot be less than six hundred years. The book measures  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. by 3 in. The work is without title, and may be described as a scrap-book, for it contains extracts from the Bible and from philosophical writings. There are 190 leaves and 267 miniatures; but the illustrations, the most important part, have no connection with the text.



MANY of the pictures portray episodes in the life of a monk. In one a monastic figure is playing a game that looks suspiciously like golf; and in another, monks and nuns are watching what appears to be a conjuring performance. There are various sacred symbols, such as representations of the Trinity and of the Universal Saviour. The manuscript was part of the celebrated collection of the Rev. Walter Sneyd.

1. THE VIRGIN MARY.

2. PARABLE OF THE WISE AND FOOLISH VIRGINS.

3. A LEGENDARY DESIGN.

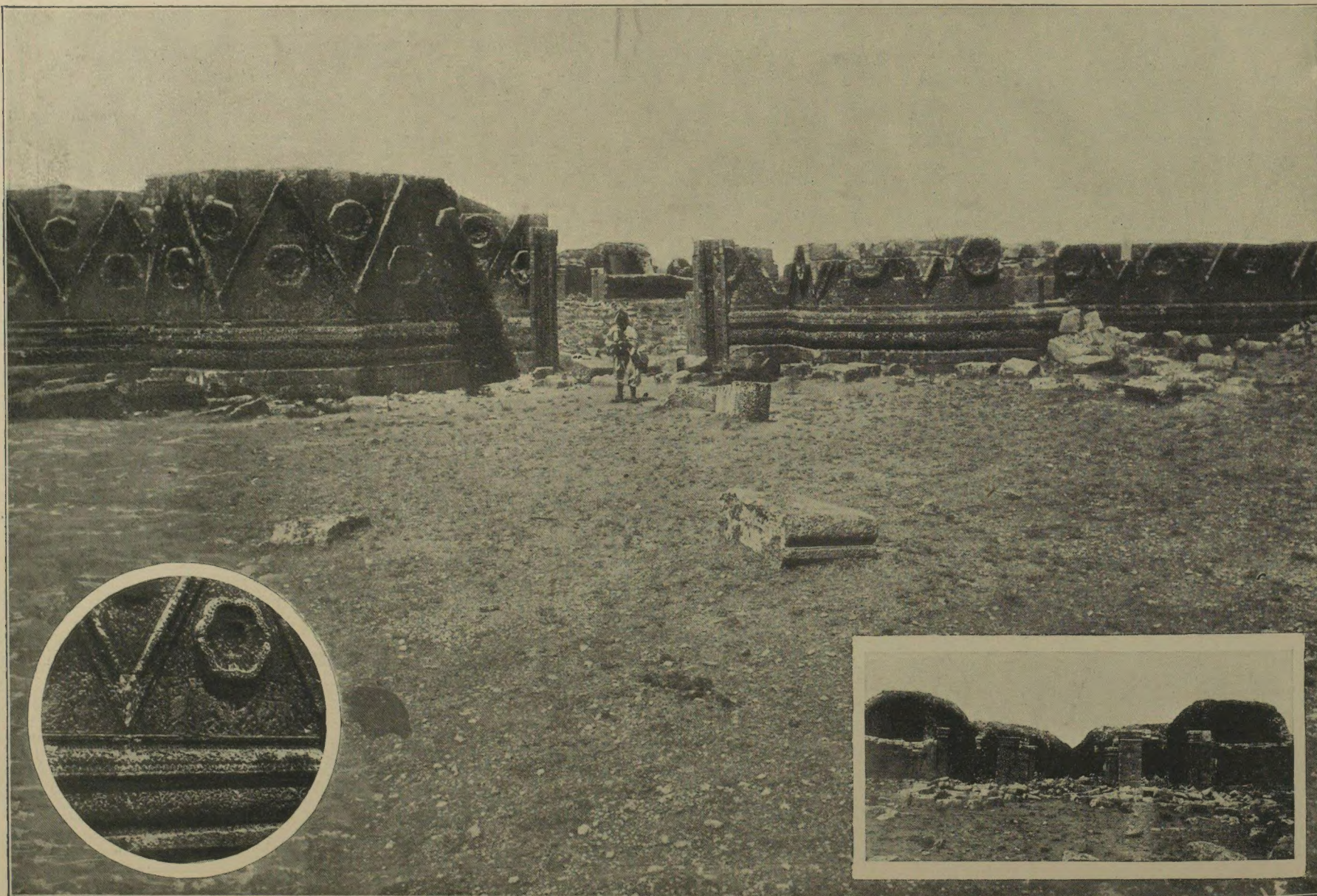
4. THE HOLY TRINITY.

5. THE HOLY TRINITY.

6. THE UNIVERSAL SAVIOUR.

A MONASTIC SCRAP-BOOK PURCHASED BY MR. QUARITCH AT SOTHEBY'S FOR £2500.

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MR. ALFRED QUARITCH.



A PORTION OF THE CARVING FROM THE FAÇADE.

THE INNER PALACE, BUILT OF BRICK.

A MOABITE PALACE PRESENTED TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR BY THE SULTAN: THE FAÇADE, WITH GATEWAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C. A. HORNSTEIN, JERUSALEM.

The Palace of M'Shetta, figured above, possessed a beautifully sculptured façade, but the carving was recently cut off and sent to the Berlin Museum.



# At the Gates of Brede

by Max Pemberton

ILLUSTRATED BY  
W. RUSSELL FLINT

THERE was a merry company in the parlour of the Castle Inn when the stranger entered there; and so little was his style to the manner of the revellers that, as Joel, the landlord, said, a gun fired among them would not have brought them more quickly to silence. Sullenly, and with shy looks, they regarded the newcomer's muddy boots, the sparkle of the frost upon his cape, and the rich laced vest which that cape disclosed when he unloosed it. "A man from London," whispered mine host Joel to Tom Forsyth, who kept the ferry. The others resorted to a common expedient—they dipped their beaks into their mugs and said nothing.

Now, the stranger would be a man of some thirty years of age, with a youth's face and a fine figure of his own; upright as a drill-sergeant, and with such a pair of eyes that, as Tom Forsyth remarked, it was lucky for the maids of Brede that the darkness hid them. He entered the parlour of the Castle Inn with a single stride; stood there casting black looks at the company; and then, indicating old Joel with the tag of his riding-whip, he asked him the abrupt question—

"Are you the landlord here?"

"Please God, I be," said old Joel, staggering under fifteen stone, as he rose clumsily to his feet.

"Then you can give me that of which I have most need—supper and a bed. Is it so?"

Joel looked the traveller up and down, and his fat face took wrinkles of a merry grin. Rare was the day when a stranger in a gold-laced vest drew rein at his door. Such men, as a rule, were ferried across the river by Tom Forsyth and rode on to my Lord's Castle upon the hill.

"Can I give your honour supper and a bed—and at Christmas time, too? Well, it would be odd if I could not. Had you asked me, now, for what the parson speaks of—myrrh and the rest of it—well, I'd have been done fairly. Will your honour be pleased to come this way—we're a little over-merry, which your honour will excuse, remembering the season."

He opened a door near by the tap and ushered the traveller into a little box of a room, wainscotted in oak, and warmed by a cheery fire of logs in a grate a hundred years old. His humour was oily at this point, and he whispered with kindly condescension: "This way for the geese, your honour—though, to be sure, there are some who call them ducks." A matronly woman, aproned, and with her fingers dyed with the stain of raisins, made way

for the stranger and called her buxom daughter to her side; while host Joel exhorted them to their duty.

"The green room, Martha," he began, "and no time to be lost. Here's a gentleman who has ridden far and will ride no farther. He'll keep Christmas with us—your honour will bide as long, I think you said? Just so, and

be pleased to see you bustle, lass. That's the way with women always, your honour—the longer the road, the shorter the step. Come, lass, turkeys don't boil themselves—and the gentleman won't run away, I promise you."

Martha stopped just long enough to say that if some people ran more and talked less, it would be a good thing for them; then she took a very substantial human chicken under her wing and swept from the room dramatically. During her retreat, mine host Joel laughed a master's laugh, and by it covered a shrewd observation of the stranger's manner and dress.

A person of quality he named him for, and high at that. Now that the good cape was laid aside and the three-cornered hat tossed upon the table, the spotless white ruffles, the fine cloth coat and shapely breeches were

what was his business and how might it be discovered? Old Joel, with the instincts of his class, determined to discover it.

"No night to be abroad, as your honour remarked," he began, turning a log upon the hearth. The stranger nodded his head.

"And your honour will be glad of a bottle of good claret. 'Tis not for me to say, but I'm told there is none better in the Castle cellars."

"A bottle of your best, my good man—and quickly."

"It shall be here before the log burns—we have but six bottles left. I trust your honour bides long enough to drink them."

He stood at the door awaiting an answer to his seemingly careless question: the stranger did not disappoint him.

"I bide according to my pleasure—an hour, a week, a month, a year. Come, man, look not so downcast! God's truth, by your face I might be doing you an injury—"

"Such an injury that your honour will find me always your obedient servant. And if it be between an hour and a week—why, then, your honour, the claret shall decide between us."

They had brought a bottle of the wine from the cellars by this time, and the liquor being set by the fireside, anon the cork was held up as some treasure of gold, and the wine measured in old cut glasses. So mine host gave the toast—

"The compliments of the season to your honour, and your heart's desire—"

The traveller heard him listlessly, drained his glass at a draught, and peered into the eloquent blaze.

"Could you but give me that, friend," said he, with a sigh, "I would fill your dame's lap with guineas."

Such was the story that mine host told afterwards in the courtyard to Tom the ferryman and Jacob the ostler.

"A wonderful fine gentleman," said he; "and yet, if I be not mistaken, a little weak where a man is best strong"—he put a finger to his own wedge of a forehead. "Let us look at the horse he rides, Jacob; 'twere odd if that told us nothing! Ay, I'll name a gentleman by his horse as surely as a brewer

by his beer. Get me a lantern, lad, and let's see what we've stabled. He's come from London, or I'm no prophet!"

The stable confirmed his confident wisdom. A coal-black horse turned a kindly eye to the lantern and whinnied in friendly recognition. Though he had



"Here's a gentleman who has ridden far and will ride no farther. He'll keep Christmas with us."

the more to be admired. Mine host said flatly that such a man should not have drawn rein until he challenged them at the Castle gate. There was no other road from Brede but to my Lord's house or to the sea. Joel did not believe that this fine gentleman had come up from Rye or Winchelsea to pass his Christmas at an inn. Then



been hard ridden, it was plain also that some faithful hand already had fed and tended him. Jacob the ostler knew nothing of this.

"He were in the stable, and me no wiser," said he ruefully. "There's a thing, now—for a gent to groom his own 'oss without so much as 'by your leave' to anybody! What kind of a man is that, now? Pity all widdies and orphans, say I, that would keep Christmas along with he."

The sentiment was general, and shared by all in the house. Joel himself shook his head for many minutes together, and then hazarded the opinion that the stranger came with some news of my Lord's son, whose ruin in the gaming-houses of London had long since ceased to tickle evil tongues. "He is afraid to see my Lord at the first time of asking," said he, "and would come by it otherwise." To which Tom Forsyth added the venture that such a visit boded no good to the Castle, and that the Lady Alice should know of it forthwith. Herein, however, he found no supporters; for, said the wiseheads, "'Tis not for the likes of us to put our hands into that kettle." And so, in lieu of it, they filled the little brown mugs and listened at the inner parlour door and reported every circumstance of the stranger's behaviour as they viewed it through the glass panels of the inner door.

"He be a-talking to hisself—that's what he be a-doin'—a most unordinary thing," said Roberts the grocer. Jim the sexton did not take it quite that way.

"A fine, handsome figure of a man he be—why, friends, I do talk to myself and the old dead 'uns in the churchyard by the hour together, and who'll call me unordinary? He'll be some fine gentleman from Lunnon, with Master Harry's paper in his pocket—and God bless him if he do get a penny out of the old Lord, say I!"

A farm-hand agreed to this with some complaint of my Lord's behaviour.

"I held his horse yesterday up by the fir coppice—twenty minutes I was, and clean froze. 'The compliments of the season to you, my lad,' says he—that and nothing more. 'You be danged!' says I—though not so loud, neighbours, for him to hear me. I know my station, I do."

"Ay, the old Lord's mean enough," said Roberts the grocer; "there's no sixpence carried over when he adds you up. Why, last week he come into the shop himself—never was a more surprised man. 'Roberts,' says he, 'do you want to go to the gallows?' 'My Lord,' says I, wishing to be obliging, 'I'd go far with your Lordship.' 'They tell me you put sand in your sugar,' says he, beating the counter with his whip, he was that angry. 'Well, my Lord,' says I, 'and if I do 'tis the best sand, surely.' Ay, neighbours, he fairly laughed at that, and it was as good as a shilling in my pocket—though, to be sure, I wouldn't demean myself so."

The company relished these stories of my Lord's parsimony and added others to them, until the eaves-dropper at the door gave them more interesting news of the stranger who sat by the fire in the inner parlour.

"He be counting his guineas—a sackful, neighbours! 'Tis lucky for he that he lies at an honest house. He be a gentleman, surely. And now he's got summat about his throat and a-staring wild at it. A woman's picture, I do believe it is—think of that, now, and him so grave-like. Well, if I were the woman, I'd be afraid of he—that I would. 'Tis no honest man that sits by hisself at such a time, and decent folk wishful to know who he be."

"If he were a gentleman, he'd have filled our mugs," chimed in a hind sapiently. Here was a sentiment to be applauded, and afterwards to be reflected upon moodily over empty pots. In the silence that followed someone noticed that Tom Forsyth had left the room.

"He's gone away to the boat; there's someone coming down from the Castle, then. That be unordinary indeed, now!" said Jim the sexton. The sentinel at the inner door, coming in upon the top of it, surprised them even more.

"The gentleman's after Tom," cried he; "I seed him get up and go to the window. Belike he's in the yard—no, but he bain't, for now he's back again. 'Tis most surprisin' that a man should behave so with a good fire behind him and wine for his gullet. Ay, and now he's talking to hisself again. Well, he be sure of a listener, baint he?"

This sage reflection did not satisfy a company greatly desirous to know what had become of Tom Forsyth. Tom's boat, said the active busybodies, was upon the other side of the ferry. This, upon cogitation, seemed to imply that Tom had crossed the river; and if he had crossed the river, why should he have crossed it, said logic, if not to go up to my Lord's Castle? Here was an argument which would only be answered by Tom Forsyth himself. And Tom was already over the draw-bridge in an argle-bargle with Renshaw, my Lord's head man.

"I must see her Ladyship to-night, though she be waked from sleep to do it," said honest Tom,

when the watchdogs had ceased to bark and the bell to jangle in the great courtyard. Martin, who guessed what the matter was, and that some fresh doings of my Lord's son had been named in the village, heard the lad with grave face, and led him a-tiptoe through the servants' gate to the little room by the old bursary.

"We'll crack a bottle over it, and then we shall be wiser," said he. "I was waiting this since Michaelmas; 'twill not be that the poor young gentleman's dead, Tom?"

"Ay, it might be that," rejoined Tom—adding, "by the look of the fellow that rode in, death would sit well beside him. Not a mug has he filled nor an honest word spoken since Jacob bedded down his horse. I'll crack no bottle this night, Martin—here's news that should come hot from the fire."

Martin assented with something of a sigh.

"A stranger, then—surely he should have ridden up to us, Tom Forsyth."

"I'll ask him when I go down, and send you word," said Tom, nettled; "if we sit here long enough, he'll be away again while you're shaking these keys. Come, man, let me see her Ladyship; she's the one to know of it, and a wiser head—she'll not thank you for delay, Martin. 'Tis no time for gossip when the bird's on the wing—let her hear the story for herself."

So Tom Forsyth had his way; and presently Martin returned to conduct him across the great hall to a spacious library in the left wing of the house, wherein the Lady Alice waited for the news. Tom had met her often, riding her black horse upon the road to the sea; but this new picture of her, so gracious and stately, and above all expectation beautiful, abashed him and put a curb upon his tongue. Hardly did he dare to lift his eyes to hers. She seemed to waft the fragrance of her beauty all about her; her voice was music in his ears—and she was speaking to him, Tom Forsyth, as though he were among the number of her friends.

"I count it kind of you, Tom Forsyth—please come in. The hound will not hurt my friends. Let Martin shut the door and then we can talk. You must find it cold upon the river, my poor boy—though few will be abroad. Please sit down and speak quite freely to me. I am sure your news will interest me."

Tom said afterwards that he cut a poor figure enough, for he was just like a ship that has no rudder; and he bumped here and slid there upon the slippery floor before he found an anchorage at my lady's side. But with it all, his eyes were pleased enough, and he told them at the inn of what he had seen in the library—the gold-brown hair above the oval shapely face, the thin tapering fingers of a pretty hand, the little feet which stole in and out, "like mice beneath her petticoat"; the deep blue eyes which looked so pleadingly into his own. And the eyes gave him courage; he found his tongue, and stammered out his news.

"We've a visitor down yonder to-night, your Ladyship."

"A visitor, Tom!" How the white face flushed at this.

"Yes, your Ladyship, and an uncommon queer one, too—not a mug filled, though he's been there an hour or more."

The Lady Alice smiled faintly; but the crimson blushes did not leave her face.

"Tell me about him, Tom; what is he like?"

Tom was no hand at describing another man, but he did his best.

"Tall?—well, he's taller by inches than me, your Ladyship, and carries himself like a soldier. I don't like the look of him myself, but there's some that might—a girl's face, I should call it, but for the eyes and chin. He wears mighty fine clothes, your Ladyship, and, please God, he's paid for them, for they say that he comes with a sackful of guineas. I'm no judge, but I'd name him for anything you please that has a bit of a rogue in it—"

The Lady Alice was not at all offended with Tom Forsyth, though she appeared no longer to be listening to what he said. Her manner might have told much to one who observed it closely; but Tom was far too busy with his narrative to take such an affront as her indifference might imply. There was no more astonished man in the Castle than he when this quiet, stately girl put her hand upon his in an impulsive gesture, and said, in a sweet voice which only a curmudgeon could have resisted—

"Tom, if I should wish to send a message to your stranger, shall I find the ferry-boat upon our side in an hour's time?"

"You, my Lady! You send a message?"

"It is about brother Harry. No one must know, Tom, not even old Martin. He loves me much, but love is never discreet, is it, Tom? Will you be there when my messenger comes?"

"Until dawn if you wish it, Ladyship."

"Then go and drink a glass of wine in the bursary, and tell anyone who asks you that the stranger waits for my Lord, and will see him in the morning."

Tom Forsyth undoubtedly was taken aback, and he scratched his rustic head stupidly, and stood first upon

one young leg and then upon another. But there was something in the Lady Alice's manner which forbade argument; and so at last he trudged away to the bursary and drank the glass of wine he was invited to, and upon that another to my Lord's health, and a third to old Martin's. The full half of an hour passed before he reached the ferry; and he had not been there ten minutes when a blue-eyed page-boy from the Castle came racing down and commanded him, like any young bantam in breeches, as he said, to put him across upon the instant. Tom saw the lad disappear behind the lights of the inn; he was gone a quarter of an hour, maybe, and then he came racing back again.

"There'll be no more to-night, old cockalorum," he cried back to the exasperated ferryman.

"And confound the impudence of him!" said Tom, with which amiable sentiment he put the ferry back and went home to supper and to bed. If anyone needed to cross to-night, he might ply a good oar himself. Tom never guessed for an instant that the stranger would ply it.

It was after supper—close upon the hour of midnight, in fact—when the traveller who had so mystified mine host Joel and his company slipped by a side door from the Castle Inn and walked in the shadows (for the moon shone full and round) to the stable where Jacob the ostler had bedded down his horse. Master and beast understood each other too well that any word should be spoken by the rider. He had but to stretch out his hand caressingly to be answered by a low whinny and a warm mouth pressed to his own cheek. Bridle and saddle he found where his own forethought had put them; it was but an instant's work to make ready and to lead the willing beast to the river's bank, there to stand patiently until work should be found for him to do.

"Quiet, Rupert; steady, lad—never fear, I'll not be long; steady, old friend."

He loosed the bridle-rein, and the old horse watched him with affectionate eyes. It was the master's habit thus to talk to Rupert as to any human creature that understood him—and the old horse answered but to obey. Loosed now, he hardly moved a step from the water's edge, while the traveller, casting a glance back at the windows of the inn, stood an instant to say—

"My heart's desire!—to-night or never while I live."

And so he crossed the river by the ferry; and old Rupert nibbled at the frozen snow and wondered, perhaps, at the habits of men who left the warm straw at such an hour. When his master returned there was another with him; and the two, passing over in the ferry together as though of one mind upon it, began to pace up and down the narrow lane, where a good hedge hid them from observation by any who might be at the windows of the Castle above. They were speaking of the Lady Alice's brother, Harry—but deeper thoughts were unspoken, and would remain so if their destiny willed it.

"You have been generosity itself, Sir Richard"—my Lady was saying—"the debt is common to us all—it will lie heavily upon my father's shoulders and upon mine; but we can never repay, do what we will."

Sir Richard Hardinge, for that was the traveller's name, watched the girl with his kindly eyes; and every word that she spoke was a tenfold recompense.

"There can be no debt when the task is of a man's own seeking, Alice. I told you six months ago that the poet Pope was right when he said that the proper study of mankind is man. I have studied men all my life—your brother Harry is but a human addition to my library. I found the pages blurred and almost undecipherable; but I read them nevertheless. Here is a fellow-creature who has wandered upon all roads for want of a signpost. I began by asking him to rest a little while in my house. I showed him the pages of life and the pictures that were to be painted upon them by a man's will and by his industry. I tempted him to begin and to find excitement in the pursuit. When the old gypsy teaching called him away, I was patient, not angry. He would come back, I said. Time justified me, and the months have brought their reward. To-night, Harry is at Iden Hall, to keep the season with me. My work is done, Alice. I need no man's thanks; it shall be sufficient that my task brings me to you."

The Lady Alice turned away her head to conceal from him something in her pretty eyes which she did not wish him to find there. They were then in a little opening of the lane where the moonlight fell full upon them, and their figures cast deeply black shadows upon the crackling snow. Yonder on the hill, the Castle gave a silhouette against a clear grey sky; a rushlight still burned in one of the windows of the inn, and was like a beacon in a haven they were quitting for ever. The Lady Alice understood that this was the critical hour of her life. It would leave her alone with her secret for ever, or reward her with that she would not dare to contemplate.



"You are leaving England, Sir Richard?" she asked him anew, with her head still averted from him. The tone of her voice nerved him to speak of it.

"A man's country is only dear to him when it gives him that which his heart desires. If I leave England, Alice, it will be because I no longer may hope here. In France one may throw a glove to memory and find it taken up. They tell me that the Corsican, Buonaparte, welcomes Englishmen in his service. If I go to him, it will be because there is one at Brede who would visit the sins of the son upon the daughter. I say it and ask your forgiveness. There is a duty which is above love—let me speak no ill of your father."

She thanked him with a quick glance—so quick that the teardrop—like a jewel upon a jewel—was hidden from him; and then looking away over the frozen waste again, she said—

"Duty asks all of a woman sometimes, but she must be sure that it is duty which asks her. My father had set his hopes upon Harry, but that has passed between them which he will never forgive. And I, Richard, what am I to him? The butt, the willing subject of his anger—but I will not speak if it be duty to be silent. I have loved him truly—I shall rest with him to my life's end, because I am his child."

Sir Richard bowed his head.

"I accept my destiny, Alice. It shall not be said that I sought to turn you from the sacrifice. And yet shall I say this, that if my Lord would learn to love you he must learn to want you. Iden Hall is but an hour's ride from Brede—if he had need of one that loved him, would he not come to Iden for her. Such thoughts are mine, Alice, when I enter my home and say that it is empty, and that the gates of it must presently be closed, and that no child shall ever be born to me to be its master. I go, but love had held me prisoner. Let it be forever, then, in eternal remembrance."

The Lady Alice could hide her face from him no longer, for he had taken her in his arms and held her close to him—and pressing the hot lips to his own, he gathered her tears upon his cheek, and they were precious to him. Thus they stood together in that close embrace, believing this to be the hour of their farewell, when the alarm-bell rang out from the Castle above them, and almost at the same instant they heard a man halloaing for the ferry.

"My Lord is dying!" he cried to them; "the Lady Alice has left him—for God's sake put the boat over."

"You must go to him," said Richard quietly—his heart was beating fast; his wit was less sure than my lady's at such a moment.

"Richard, you shall take me," she answered, refusing to release his hand.

He kissed her forehead.

"Yes, yes," he said, "that is wise, Alice; we will go together."

The Castle was wide enough awake when they reached its courtyard. Grooms yawned and feigned to be busy, messengers went to and fro crying for this and that; old Martin was beside himself.

"He waked from a dream and asked for you, Ladyship," he said to the Lady Alice. She pushed him aside, and still holding Sir Richard's hand, she led the way to my Lord's great bed-room, which is above the music-gallery; and there she found her father.

My Lord lay insensible upon a couch by the window. He had waked from a troubled dream, as old Martin said, and asked for his daughter. When they searched for her the truth was told to him. "She is not here, my Lord," they said, "and this night Tom Forsyth came up from the inn to speak of a stranger there." To their wonder the Earl did not answer any among them; but shrinking away, as one robbed suddenly of his reason, he hid his face and cried: "She was all that I had! God of heaven, forgive—!" And then he fell prone, and they laid him upon the couch and believed him to be dead. Thus the Lady Alice found him, and, kneeling at his side through the night, she watched and waited for the dawn which should bring the sunlight upon his face.

It was already day when my Lord recognised her; and raising himself up, on the pillow, put his arm about her and held her to his heart.

"Thou, Alice—they have not taken thee, then?"

"I am here, dear father—they shall never take me from you."

"There is another, Alice—does Harry come to me, then?"

"It is not Harry, father—look again."

"Sir Richard Hardinge—ah, I might have named him. Where, then, is my son?"

Sir Richard answered for them both:

"In my house, Earl, waiting for the message which will bring him to your side again."

Silence fell upon the room—a silence full of rest, and satisfying. When the Earl next spoke it was to the daughter whom the night had taught him to love.



*The Lady Alice understood that this was the critical hour of her life.*

"I have learned my lesson," he said; drawing down her face to his; "in all the world naught counts but love. Let Iden take thee, child. Thou wilt not shut an old man out—from thy heart, little Alice, wherein he would dwell."

Rupert, neglected so long upon the river-bank, thought it a dismal night. There were twenty chaw-bacons trying to catch him at nine o'clock next morning. He was smothered in mud when he ambled up to his master at midday, and looked as reproachful as a good horse might.

And if he had been a philosopher he would have said that even a good man is worth little when there's a woman in the case; and that love, after all, has many limitations.

THE END.

## ART NOTES.

Mr. Clausen's appointment to the Professorship of Painting at Burlington House is a welcome sign of the times. An interesting event from a personal point of view, it is also an item in the history of the growth of the Academy's sense of responsibility towards the public. Mr. Herbert Spencer would join no Academy because he felt that any institution of the kind in the end defeated the very purpose it was established to prosper and serve. Artists, in the first place, might make Academicians; but the day must come when the supply of artists failed and the Academician had therefore a rank which his talent did not support—to the general lowering of artistic standards and the confusion of the public taste. The mantle of Reynolds was to cover the nakedness of Benjamin West; and the glory of a Gainsborough was to throw a glamour over a Sir Francis Grant. To this day a crowd of the unsuspecting will collect at Burlington House before a picture to which the letters "R.A." lend an authority that could never belong to it on its own artistic merits.

Though he who drives fat oxen need not himself be fat, a lecturer on art does undoubtedly derive prestige from his own high accomplishment with his brush, and for this reason the advent of Mr. Clausen to the chair of Reynolds is a subject of general rejoicing. Twenty years ago Mr. Clausen's appointment would have been too rash even as a prophecy. He had not then been elected to the Academy, and his antagonism to Academic methods—of which, by the way, he had no personal experience as a student—was the result of his training and experience in France, in Holland, in Belgium—particularly in France. That antagonism was public property; the studios of the officially great caught echoes of it; and the present writer heard more than once a regret expressed by Lord Leighton—always quick and generous in his recognition of genius—that Mr. Clausen had, by his scorn of the Academy, made impossible his recognition at its hands. But time was on the side of the reformers, and the scales were beginning to fall from the eyes of the public. Eight years ago it became an inevitable thing for the Associateship to pass to the landscape-painter who had already received medals from Paris and Chicago. From that day, Mr. Clausen has, in his own department, been the centre of interest at the successive shows at Burlington House—an interest by no means lessened by the successes of Mr. La Thangue, an artist so like, yet so unlike as to afford to the public a yearly exercise in comparisons and in contrasts. Mr. Clausen has not only the sympathetic personality so necessary to a successful lecturer, but he has at command the wide culture and that intimate acquaintance with the literature and even the legends of the studios which, in the case of Reynolds, gave to his discourses a charm not yet passed away.

A new Art School is to be opened in Chelsea before the end of January, under the auspices of two Young Masters, Mr. Augustus John and Mr. William Orpen. Very few years have elapsed since these two names became known as belonging to the most brilliant of the students of their time at the Slade

School, and the New English Art Club has since exhibited works which have already justified some of the predictions then confidently made as to their future successes. Messrs. John and Orpen, in a prospectus about their projected classes, announce that they will include drawing and painting from life and from still life, figure composition, landscape and decorative painting, and even elementary subjects where required.

The work of Mr. George Murray, the winner of the Royal Academy Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship for 1901, was put up at Burlington House as an encouragement and object-lesson to the students of a later year. Mr. Murray went to Spain and worked there with excellent results in his studies of mosques and castanets and cattle.

W. M.





SEA-BEEF FOR CHRISTMAS: CATCHING THE PORPOISE FOR YULETIDE FARE.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

*During long voyages, when Christmas has to be spent on the high seas, and when nothing but salt junk is available for the Christmas dinner, the sailors often catch a porpoise or two. The flesh is extremely palatable, and is popularly known as sea-beef.*





THE CHRISTMAS TREE: SANTA CLAUS DISTRIBUTING THE GIFTS.

*The Heilige Nacht, or Holy Night, as Christmas Eve is called in Germany, is the most important time of the festival. Then the family gatherings are held, and when the tree is lighted and some carols have been sung, Santa Claus, a benevolent elder disguised in fur cap, mask, and long beard, enters with his sack of gifts and distributes them to old and young.*



## Christmas at the Booksellers.

### GIFT-BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

This year we have fairy books in profusion. — Mr. Andrew Lang, of course, is to the fore with his accustomed volume (Longmans. 6s.), which this year is crimson; and the modest and distinguished editor, in a whimsical foreword, once more disclaims any title to authorship. This eases his tender conscience, although he knows full well that all mothers steadfastly refuse to believe him. Then Mr. G. E. Farrow, of Wallypug fame, gives us "Professor Philanderpan" (Pearsons. 5s.), which is every bit as amusing as any of its forerunners, though even the Professor is in doubt as to "what should be done with a Chimera when you have caught him." "King Clo" (Newnes. 2s. 6d.), by Harry James, is a delightful compound of the fantastic and the ideal, pretty and tender sentiments harmonising naturally enough with a great deal that is laughable and absurd. A wise man brings out of his treasure-house things new and old, and Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales" (Dent. 3s. 6d.) should meet with a cordial reception: these classical myths and fables seem imbued with a spirit of unflinching power to captivate the fancy, and Hawthorne's simple and exquisite prose casts a spell of its own. These companion volumes are most attractively got up. "The Japanese Fairy Book" (Constable. 6s.) is really truly Japanese: is it not compiled by Miss Yei Theodora Ozaki and illustrated by a Tokio artist, Mr. Kakuzo Fujiyama? And the legends and stories are not only gracefully told, fresh, and quaint, but they differ from our own fairy lore as widely as the East differs from the West. From these tales of Japan we turn to "The Magic City" (Lawrence and Bullen. 3s. 6d.) to find that Miss Netta Syrett has cast a glamour over grimy London, and the reader who can be swayed by white magic—as what child cannot?—sees a new Lavender Hill, a transformed Tokenhouse Yard, and visits many another enchanted spot.

But life is not all fairy-tales, and children may not feed on dreams alone; and some of our writers, not content to adorn a tale, must needs point a moral also. Miss Beatrice Harraden does this charmingly in "Things Will Take a Turn" (Blackie. 9d.), and no one could help loving her dear little heroine, "Daddy's Lad" and "Jake" (Nelson. 1s. 6d.), written respectively by E. L. Haverfield and Adela Frances Mount, are admirable specimens of their kind, and should interest children of ten or twelve. "The Children Who Ran Away" (Macmillan. 6s.) is a bright and tender story, sure to be a favourite; Miss Evelyn Sharp is happy in her manner and her method, and she understands the hearts of little children. Raymond Jacobsen, who is responsible for "The Scaramouche Club" (Grant Richards), has also a real grip of her subject and a saving sense of humour. "The Manor School" (Chambers. 6s.) is in Mrs. L. T. Meade's well-known manner: vivacious from first to last, it requires no further recommendation. "Isabel's Secret" (Nelson. 2s.) is a pretty story of young girls and their ways, and forms a handsome gift-book.

Among the books which are suitable for older girls, "The Daughters of a Genius" (Chambers. 3s. 6d.) should be popular. Mrs. de Horne Vaizey writes easily, but carefully; she understands ambitious young women, and her story is saner and more possible than is customary, given the circumstances. None of her heroines set the Thames on fire, although in the long run they achieve a moderate success. The love-story which supplies an undercurrent of sentiment is delicate and bright, and devoid of all sensationalism. Sensation, on the other hand, is a dominant factor in "The Woman of the Well" (R.T.S. 3s. 6d.). Miss Houston depicts a stepmother so cruel that she seems to have stepped out of fairyland armed cap-à-pie for the part, and a young man who seems almost too good for this wicked world; still, the story is readable and wholesome, and the pages of idealism freely interlarded will be read by many a young woman who would refuse the undiluted article. In "The Handsome Brandons" (Blackie. 3s. 6d.) we make the acquaintance of more of Miss Katharine Tynan's dear Irish girls; the story is full of interest and charm, and the incident is more plentiful and more diverse than usual. Miss Tynan's careful writing and delicate sentiment lend a charm to everything that comes from her pen. Upon Miss Ethel Turner the mantle of Miss Alcott seems to have descended; since we read "Little Women" we have not met with any book which possessed so much natural charm as is to be found in the pages of "Betty and Co." (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.). It should be in every house, and the "grown ups" will enjoy it just as much as the younger people, and may even sympathise with the small girl who parsed "cat" as a verb, "because it does something." Miss Bessie Marchant, too, has her gift, and in "A Heroine of the Sea" (Blackie. 3s. 6d.) the interest is well sustained throughout; the story abounds in bright touches, and both scene and plot are refreshingly out of the common. In "One Thousand Poems for Children" (Hutchinson. 5s.) Mr. Roger Ingpen has made a most judicious selection. Everything a child could desire is to be found in these carefully arranged pages: from the quaint and moral verses of Jane Taylor (too little known to-day) and eight-year-old Marjorie Fleming's comical lines "To a Monkey"—that "Pet Marjorie" known through the writings of Dr. John Brown—to suitable selections from Tennyson and Shakspere. "The Girl's Own Reciter" (*Girl's Own Paper* Office. 2s. 6d.) is compiled by Mr. Charles Peters, and will probably meet a felt want in schools and large families. "Three Hundred Games and Pastimes" (Grant Richards. 6s.), by Mr. E. V. Lucas and Elizabeth Lucas, is already in its third edition, and is surely deserving of even wider recognition. The sub-title, "What Shall We Do Now?"

expresses very exactly the feelings of many weary children and worried parents. "The Children's Book of London" (A. and C. Black. 6s.) is written by G. E. Mitton. It is beautifully got up and full of interest: children in the provinces will specially enjoy it. Douglas Jerrold's "Fireside Saints," which appeared nearly fifty years ago in "Mr. Punch's Almanack," and has now been most daintily reproduced (Blackie. 1s. 6d.), is scarcely a child's book. It is a tender and fascinating little volume, and children might present it to their parents, who will doubtless be interested to learn "how Saint Patrick, out of his own head, taught Saint Norah how to boil a potato."

### BOOKS FOR VERY LITTLE PEOPLE.

The children of the present day are certainly treated with a lavish hand in the matter of their picture-books, and for those who are old enough to enjoy reading short stories it would be difficult to find a more delightful book than "Children of the Arctic," by the Snow Baby and her Mother (Isbister. 4s. 6d.), in which little "Ah-nigh-to" tells some of her adventures in the *Windward* in the Arctic regions. For Sunday reading "The King of Kings," exquisitely lettered and decorated by Mary Vivian Hughes (Mowbray and Co.), would make a really beautiful gift-book; the rich illustrations, in red and black only, are adapted from the Old Masters by Ursula Wood, and will be much appreciated by the elders as well as the more youthful folk. For those who like more varied reading may be mentioned "Grant Richards' Annual," edited by T. W. H. Crosland (5s.); and "Mr. Punch's New Book for Children," by Charles Pears (6s.). Fairy-tales always have a special attraction for little people, and here we have "Toby and His Little Dog Tan"; or, "The Great Detective of Fairy-Land," by Gilbert James (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.), which would have been a greater favourite had the illustrations been prettier and more amusing. In "Grimm's Fairy-Tales" we meet, of course, old friends in a new dress, and here, again, the illustrations are hardly worthy of the book. Mrs. Ernest Ames, always to the fore in providing the little ones with fascinating fun, has given them this year "Tim and the Dusty Man" (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.); and both the letterpress and the illustrations are well worthy of this clever writer. Miss Edith Farmiloe, another of the children's chief artist friends, tells in "One Day" (Grant Richards. 6s.) an amusing account of how a little boy spent his birthday. Quite true stories always carry a special interest of their own; and in "My Book of True Stories" (Blackie. 2s.) we find many familiar characters such as Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh, Joan of Arc; and it also gives a slight sketch of the Coronation of our own gracious King, Edward VII. Very excellent also is "Dickydidos," by Will Kidd (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.); the "Hill - Babies," by Lisbeth Bergh (Blackie), with its quaint, rustic pictures; "The Child's Book of Knowledge," by Harry Rountree (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.), in which the author gives his young reader some instructive information in a pleasant way; "How They Went to School," by S. R. Praeger (Blackie. 2s. 6d.); and "The Donkey-Book," by J. A. Shepherd (Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.).

Children who are fond of verse will find many an hour's pleasureable enjoyment in "The Big Book of Nursery Rhymes," edited by Walter Jerrold and illustrated by Charles Robinson (Blackie. 7s. 6d.). The rhymes—many of them, old familiar friends—have a quaint charm of their own; and a word of praise must be said for the exceedingly charming illustrations. "Slipper's A.B.C. of Fox-Hunting," by E. CE. Summer-ville, M.F.H. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.), will have an attraction for many young folk, especially for small riders to hounds, the verse being full of Irish humour, admirably supported by the illustrations. In "Sparks from the Nursery Fire" Miss Sheila Braine, helped by very original illustrations by Miss Mary Watson (Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d.), gives her young friends many a piece of good advice in quaint, delightful verse, especially impressing upon them to be kind to animals. "The Sad End of Erica's Blackamoor," by Claude Kempson (Arnold. 3s. 6d.), a clever study in black and white, will, it is to be feared, not prove a general favourite, as the author portrays a very dismal picture of the death and burial of the poor Blackamoor, and also draws a solemn moral at the end. The Golliwogg, ever a delight, is again with us: this year Miss Florence and Miss Bertha Upton have reintroduced him to us in the form of "The Golliwogg's Circus" (Longmans. 6s.). "Silver Bubbles" is by Richard Hunter and Edward Shirley (Nelson. 3s. 6d.), with many rather curious and weird illustrations by Ruth Cobb; and "The Night before Christmas," illustrated by W. W. Denslow (Heinemann. 5s.), is an account of some real adventures on a certain Christmas Eve long, long ago; "Turvy Topsy," by W. Gunn Gwennet (Skeffington. 3s. 6d.), gives well-known rhymes turned really topsy-turvy; and "Bold Turpin" (Longmans. 6s.), with illustrations by L. D. L.—we could wish, in the interests of sensitive children, were of a less terrifying nature.

Young people who are fond of animals will find much to interest them in "The Animal Game Book," by Harry Rountree (Allen), in which there are some exquisite illustrations. "A Picture Book of Animals" (Blackie. 2s.) gives some delightful reading about our four-footed friends; as also does the "Big Animal Picture Book" (Dean. 16s.), with its charming pictures. Younger children should find plenty of fun in "The Animals' Academy," by Clifton Bingham, with its really comic illustrations by Harry Neilson (Blackie. 3s. 6d.); while the babes will enjoy looking at "Our Dogs" (Nelson. 1s.). Children who have a taste for painting will delight in the pretty pictures in the "At Home" and "Nature's" painting books (Dean. 1s. each).

### A YULE LOG.

The ideal of Christmas, conventional doubtless, but none the less endeared, has found at this close of the year of grace Nineteen Hundred and Three more of its old-time expression in picture and story than we have seen for a considerable period. The "merry, frosty" accessories to the picture, the good cheer, the fireside game, have resumed their ancient reign in the Christmas numbers of the magazines and journals, and over all there is more of what we may call the Dickens atmosphere of Yuletide. How much—the speculation is fascinating—do we owe of our conception of this festival to the author of the "Christmas Carol"? We of this generation hardly perhaps realise to what extent Dickens was indeed the maker of Christmas. Before his day, of course, its genial attributes were the veriest commonplace of the national life, but it was reserved for him to focus and accentuate them. But his handling of the familiar theme was in such apt accord with popular sentiment that our fathers may be said not to have realised how truly creative the master's work in this direction was. From Milton we have unconsciously taken a large measure of our popular theology, asking no questions, and seldom doubting but that the sacred romance of "Paradise Lost" is in general conformity with Scripture. In like manner, from Charles Dickens we derive our notion of what the essential and archetypal Christmas should be. His is the Yule-tide that is coming to us every 25th of December: his the festival that every 1st of January we realise regretfully that we have somehow missed. It remains the greatest, the pleasantest of our romantic aspirations. The warmth after an afternoon of stinging cold, the good cheer, the song and story when the curtains are drawn, be they ever so successful, never, somehow, quite attain to the wonderful completeness of felicity that waited upon the Seven Poor Travellers that Christmas Eve in Watts's Charity at Rochester. For the children of dreams must ever hold the advantage over the sons of men.

It would be otherwise, we fancy, were we this year bidden to some old haunted grange, packed with ghosts and guests; it would be otherwise, we think, in Germany, where they keep the Heilige Nacht with a glow of legendary enthusiasm that far transcends our more prosaic and material mood of rejoicing. There, too, they understand that the festival is the birthright of the children, and that in proportion as it is made their peculiar possession, so only is the happiness of Olympian "grown-ups" to be fully discovered. It would be nearer the elusive joy of the season to keep Réveillon in Paris, to hear the midnight mass at Notre Dame, and observe the time in the bonds of happy studentdom, as did Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee in one of the most natural passages of an almost forgotten but once notorious book. Some touch of this one remembers to have caught on a clear moonlit Christmas Eve, when the snow lay crisp over an old University city in the far North, when a few chosen spirits, for reasons rather æsthetic than devout, sought the Cathedral for the midnight service. Romance was in the air; the glittering streets, almost deserted by the men and women of the nineteenth century, were peopled for this one enchanted hour by the figures of ages dead and gone. Cloaks and swords were all about us, the scarlet robes of our academic predecessors gleamed at every turning; here there arose a brawl, hoarse cries, and the flash of steel; at yonder upper window burned the studious lamp of some recluse deep in the subtleties of the Angelical doctor, and heedless of the distressed damsels who awaited and found rescue from the wandering bully at the hands of less serious sons of Alma Mater. It was a brave pageant, all the braver for its elusiveness, and ceased not at the church door; for, within, the Middle Age indeed lived on in the solemn service and the language of the chant. Not even the brilliantly modern, if too brassy, introduction to Haydn's Imperial Mass (the favourite for some reason on these occasions) could mar the vision of monastic continuity. For the moment the spirit of Knox and the Reformation slumbered.

Further south, in another learned city, they bring back the ancient times as bravely; but her younger sons are by statute kept afar from the feast, and see its rites only by special grace, or not at all until they are admitted Fellows or return as honoured guests. Long, however, before some of us ever looked upon the spire of Magdalen, the spirit of her Yuletide came to us in a curious and probably now forgotten idyll, printed, if memory serves us, in a Christmas Number of this very Journal. Its title enshrined the name of a famous riverside character, of whose daughter the story was audaciously told. In the last scene, the amorous senior member of the college realises on the holy eve that his love, though deep, is impossible, and stealing down to the waterside, unlooses a boat and takes his sorrow out in exercise, like a sensible man. But the tale (we crave the unknown author's pardon for our flippancies) was artistically told, and the faint strain of the "Gloria in Excelsis," mocking him from the lighted hall, lingers with us in tragic sweetness to this day. Since then we have caught a glimpse of the festivity the lover quitted, have heard the carols and seen the choir-boys merry over "frumenty" and seasonable fare of an antique time. And other societies make merry, too, with their own peculiar observances. We have yet to see, however, the solemn entrance of the boar's head to a variation of the quaint canticle—

Caput apri defero  
Reddens laudes Domino.  
The boar's head in hand bring I  
With garlands gay and Rosemary.  
I pray you all sing merrily  
Qui estis in convivio.

But with the attainment of that desire we may haply attain at length to the ideal Christmas.





CHRISTMAS IN THE ITALIAN VALLEY OF MANDELLO: VOTIVE OFFERINGS TO THE SCULPTURED GROUP OF THE NATIVITY.

DRAWN BY RICCARDO PELLIGRINI

*To the shrine comes the head of the village, attired in a special costume, and surrounded by a numerous crowd. He offers to the Infant Saviour a pot of steaming soup. At the foot of an improvised altar the worshippers lay upon a carpet jars filled with water, which they come to reclaim upon the morrow, and which are used as pious presents on New Year's Day. The jars of water are believed to have acquired peculiar virtue during their sojourn in front of the crèche. The girls are careful to make their betrothed drink of the water, for they are convinced that, thanks to the holy beverage, the quaffing of which is equivalent to a sacred promise, the young men will turn out to be the most faithful of husbands.*





A LULL IN THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVITY: GOING DOWN TO SUPPER.

DRAWN BY S. BROG.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## THE ATTAINMENT OF LONGEVITY.

Lately Sir Hermann Weber, M.D., discoursed before the Royal College of Physicians of London on "Means for the Prolongation of Life." Such a topic, in addition to its attractiveness to the physiologist, must always possess a deep interest for mankind at large. We are all anxious that our days in the land may be prolonged as far as possible. The ideal life, lived properly and healthily, should end in euthanasia—that calm and peaceful passing away from the sheer exhaustion of the vital principle due to old age itself. The living machinery too often wears out prematurely. Errors in diet and habits, faults of sanitation, infection due to the unlimited spread of microbes, accident, and other causes, all contribute to the shortening of existence.

Some of us are undoubtedly handicapped in the struggle for existence by being born into the world with enfeebled constitutions. Others of us, who begin life with strong and healthy frames, end life before our due season by reason of disease of a more or less preventable kind. Hygiene and the practice of sanitary laws look after our safety in both cases, giving to the originally strong constitution a measure of safety from premature extinction. The observance of health laws will accomplish much also for the feeble individual, and will succeed in prolonging life through attention to the details which are included in the general phrase, wise living. All of us are subject to conditions which make for disease, or which, on the other hand, favour the healthy life. It savours of plain wisdom, therefore, that we should endeavour to rule our existence according to the knowledge hygiene supplies. That which many of us do not realise is the fact that we can no more secure good health by chance than we may gain a knowledge, say, of astronomy without a study of the subject.

Sir Hermann Weber, like his distinguished predecessor, Professor Rolleston, dealt with the conditions which, if observed in the man who has begun to descend the vital scale, are calculated to prolong life beyond the generally accepted limit. The three-score years and ten of the Psalmist mark a boundary-line which many do not cross; but, at the same time, we find many examples of individuals who, from one cause or another, have their period of existence extended even to the century. Examples of centenarian vitality are not uncommon, and are to be drawn from all ranks of life. Professor Rolleston found many of his illustrations in workhouses, and among people whose experience of life must have been both hard and bitter. Here, no doubt, we come face to face with the original good constitution—a legacy this, handed down from forebears. Some frames undoubtedly seem to be capable of resisting all the grievous ill-treatment their owners bestow upon them. This is the puzzling part of the whole matter. It is the case of one man not daring to look over the hedge (in a vital sense) while another may steal a horse.

Once again we are advised by Sir Hermann Weber that if we desire to attain a length of days, we must illustrate the apostolic dictum of temperance in all things. He says there must be represented in the life of the man who is approaching old age, moderation in eating and drinking. This advice has come to be accepted much more widely of recent years than was the case a quarter of a century ago. Health is always a cumulative thing. We can store it up against a rainy day, as we invest our savings. When the feeblenesses of life intrude upon us, we have something to fall back upon. This is why we should all be taught the doctrines of health in youthful days, because we then can accumulate our store of vitality when alone it is capable of being conserved.

Another rule of Sir H. Weber's is that we must have plenty of fresh, pure air. This is only a dictum of common hygiene; yet the getting and maintaining of a pure atmosphere is a matter of extreme difficulty, because ventilation, as applied to ordinary houses, illustrates one of the most difficult of sanitary problems. As regards exercise, our lecturer advises regularity in this matter "every day in all weathers." Our air-supply is really a matter of food and feeding. We should realise that the oxygen of the atmosphere is an essential part of our diet—how essential we know, since when we are deprived of it for a few minutes life comes to an end. Then there is the question of sleep and rest. "Early to bed and early to rise" is a motto which is time-honoured in respect of its truth. I have known of people attaining to a very old age who spent some one day a week and others two days a week in bed. Rest is more than food here, for the heart's work is economised when we repose and other bodily functions are slowed down. I should say the faculty of sleeping well in early life is a most important condition in respect of its effect on our later existence. Therefore, with Sancho Panza we may say—"God bless the man who invented sleep!" Brain cells which are tired and wearied can only be refreshed by somnolence. Food cannot replace sleep here, though sleep can often make up to us for the deprivation of nutriment.

There is, then, no panacea for the attainment of old age. There is no elixir of life which can play its part in rejuvenescence. The rules of healthy living which apply all through life really represent the conditions under which we may lengthen our days. Attention to all the bodily functions; a sufficiency of sleep, especially for the old; moderation in eating and drinking all through life; the cultivation of an easy mind and a placid disposition, not always things easy of accomplishment; regularity of existence as regards both work and leisure—such are the plain axioms of medicine, by following which we may attain old age, and, what is equally to the point, a painless death.

ANDREW WILSON.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

R M (Chowra Bazaar, Karmal, Punjab).—We fear your compositions would be too profound to suit our solvers, and we therefore regret we cannot arrange the exchanges you desire.

J JESPERSEN (Denmark).—We are very pleased to receive your contribution, of which we hope to make an early use.

J P TAYLOR.—Thanks for your problems, which will no doubt prove as excellent as usual.

F A BROCK.—Your diagram has become obliterated. Will you kindly send another copy?

L DESANGES.—The one we like best of your batch has another solution by 1. Kt to Kt 4th.

R BPE.—We much appreciate your kindness in sending us a copy of your spirited verses.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS NOS. 3104 TO 3106 received from Ratan Chandra Paul (Calcutta); of No. 3108 from C Field Junior (Athol, Mass.), Emile Frau (Lyons), Sigismund Chelminski (Podolia), D B R (Oban), and A G (Pancsova); of No. 3109 from Charles Burnett, F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Clement C Danby, A G (Pancsova), H S Brandreth (San Remo), Emile Frau (Lyons), Marco Salem (Bologna), and George Fisher (Belfast); of No. 3110 from F R Pickering (Forest Hill), Fire Plug, Laura Greaves (Shelton), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), Clement C Danby, Dr. Foreman (Denton), C E Perugini, F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), E G Rodway (Trowbridge), Emile Frau (Lyons), Charles Burnett, Shadforth, George Fisher (Belfast), H S Brandreth (San Remo), A G (Pancsova), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

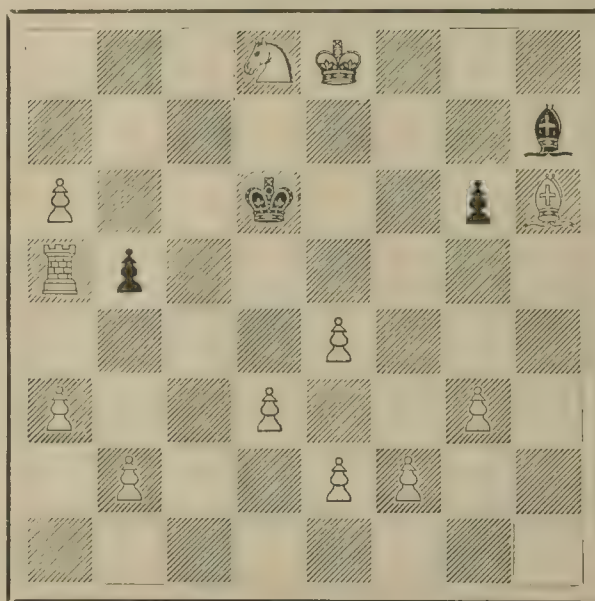
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3111 received from Shadforth, J D Tucker (Ilkley), Charles Burnett, E G Rodway (Trowbridge), G Bishop (Liverpool), T Roberts, Valentin Oppermann (Marseilles), Doryman, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), T W W (Bootham), Reginald Gordon, E J Winter-Wood, R Worters (Canterbury), F J S (Hampstead), Joseph Cook, M Hobhouse, H S Brandreth (San Remo), Laura Greaves (Shelton), J A Mitchell, Robert Bee (Cowpen), and Rev. A Mays (Bedford).

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3110.—By R. St. G. BURKE.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to Q Kt 3rd K to Q 4th  
2. Kt to Kt 6th (ch) K moves  
3. B mates  
If Black play 1. K to B 2nd, 2. Kt to Q 6th (ch); and if 1. K to B 4th, then 2. Kt to K 5th, and B or Kt mates next move.

## PROBLEM No. 3113.—By H. G. COOPER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at Philadelphia between Messrs. PILLSBURY and GRIFFITHS.  
(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. Kt (K 4th) takes B (ch)	K to R sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. R takes Kt	Kt takes R
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	15. Q to K 4th	P takes Kt
4. Castles	Kt takes P	16. Q takes Kt	P to Kt 4th
5. P to Q 4th	Kt to Q 3rd		
6. B to R 4th	P to K 5th		
Against a player of White's calibre this certainly seems hazardous, as the sequel proves.			
7. R to K sq	B to K 2nd		
8. Kt to K 5th	Castles		
9. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to B 4th		
10. R takes P	B to B 3rd		
11. Kt to Q 5th	Q Kt takes Q P		
12. K Kt to Kt 4th	Kt to K 3rd		
13. Q to B 3rd			

Another game played at Philadelphia between Mr. REICHELME and Mr. H. (Remove White's Q Kt.)  
(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	10. Q to Kt 4th (ch)	K takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	11. B to B 4th (ch)	K takes P
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	12. K R to B sq (ch)	K to Q 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P	13. Q R to Q sq (ch)	K to B 4th
5. P to Q B 3rd	B to B 4th	14. B to K 3rd (ch)	K to Kt 4th
6. Castles	P to Q 3rd	15. Q to K 2nd (ch)	K to R 4th
7. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 3rd	16. R takes Q	Kt takes R
		17. Q to B 4th	Q Kt to B 3rd

An error; but if mistakes were not made, odds could not be given.

8. Q P takes P Q P takes P  
9. B takes P (ch) K takes B  
10. K takes P (ch)

## CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played at Brisbane for the Queensland Championship between Messrs. A. C. PALMER and A. L. STUMM.  
(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	10. P to K 5th	P takes P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	11. P takes P	Q takes P
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	12. B takes P (ch)	K to Q sq
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P		
5. P to B 3rd	B to R 1th		
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
7. Kt takes P			

This is not good, and ought to have met with disaster. Castles is the correct continuation.

8. Castles Q to B 3rd  
9. K Kt to K 2nd

A great mistake. If he had now played B takes P the game must have gone in his favour whatever White could do. This was the chance afforded by the latter's seventh move.

10. P to B 4th P to Q 3rd  
11. P takes P P takes P  
12. B takes P (ch) K to Q sq  
K to B sq would only prolong the agony. White has pushed his advantage in good style.  
13. Kt to K 6th (dbl. ch), mate.

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## DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT GERMANIC SUN-CHARIOT.

In a peat moor of Trundholm, in the Danish island of Seeland, a remarkable discovery has been made in connection with that sun-worship which once was widely diffused among the whole Germanic race—Teutons, hence also Anglo-Saxons, Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians. Six inches under the decayed vegetable growth was found a bronze Sun-Chariot, partly broken, which represents the disc of the heavenly orb, drawn on three pairs of wheels by a horse. This hieratic object was unearthed near Nykjobing, where, according to the distinguished archaeologist and Director of the National Museum at Copenhagen, Dr. Sophus Müller, many objects of a similar style have been discovered before.

Danish writers conclude that this sun-chariot must be about three thousand years old. Yet it is of no mean artistic merit. The sun-disc is covered with a circular and spiral ornamentation, different on its two sides. The design was evidently first worked in with a graver; and then a thin plate of gold was pressed in. The horse, rather archaically shaped, was connected with the disc by loopholes on his neck for slipping reins through. His tail was not docked; for the animal, cast hollow, shows an opening at the tail where of old probably a horsehair appendage was put in.

The disc is only 13½ in. long. The whole structure, the wheels of which are now damaged, could no doubt have been once rolled about on an altar. The fact of its having been purposely broken points to an ancient sacrificial custom in the North. This wasteful practice of destroying valuable things by way of an offering to the Gods has its counterpart in the law of Odin, which said that "the dead should be burnt, and that everything which had been their own should be carried to the pyre."

The Odin in question, I may add, is not the god of that name, but a semi-mythical, semi-historic conqueror. According to the Norse saga, he came up with his Asic people from the shores of the Black Sea, marching through Gardariki (Russia) and Saxony (Germany), crossing over to Denmark, and thence to Scandinavia. When dying from illness, he marked himself with a spear, so as not to die a "straw-death," and was cremated with great pomp. As to the wasteful practice mentioned, it is on record that the Vikings, by their Berserk bravery, recouped themselves frequently enough in foreign lands, where they got many valuable things, when appearing as somewhat unwelcome seaside visitors.

The elaborate involutions in the designs on the sun-disc remind us to some extent of the ornamentation found at Mykené, Tiryns, and Troy. These were, in most ancient times, not Hellenic, but Thracian (Thracian) settlements and strongholds. Now, the Thracians—red or golden haired, tall, martial, musical, much addicted also to the cup, as they are described by classical writers—were kindred to the Germanic, Celtic, or Gothic stock. The line of their tribal connections can be traced from South-Eastern Europe and Asia Minor up to the High North. It is recorded also that since olden times there was a "sacred road," or trade route, from a northern Scythian region down to the Adriatic Gulf, on which road amber was carried from the Baltic and the German Ocean to the South. All this might make us ask whether there has been, perhaps, some early artistic intercourse even between the South and the North.

On the other hand the place where this sun-chariot was embedded seems to point to a time when—at least, so far as we know—there was not yet any such communication. Herodotus, in the fifth century before our era, would not even believe in the existence of a sea in the North. He was not aware of the Baltic. Pytheas, the Hellenic mathematician and astronomer, who went from Massilia (Marseilles) to Britain, through the German Ocean, into the Baltic, where he found Teutons and Goths, and then up, in all probability, to Shetland and the Orkneys, if not even near Iceland, was the first Greek who saw those Northern seas in the third century before our era.

Dr. Sophus Müller, whom I wish to thank for allowing the reproduction of the photograph, believes that the work discovered in the Trundholm moor "had probably been made in the country where it has been found, or at any rate in that region where there was once a population of the same common culture and mode of life—namely, in Southern Scandinavia and in the most northern German lands." For my part, I am prepared to show that the beautiful Hellenic myth of the Heliades, or Sun-Daughters—who, when weeping for the death of their brother Phaëthon, were changed into trees, their tears becoming amber—is evidently a tale originally brought southwards from the North in the course of trade.

The Radanos or Eridanos river, at which the Greek myth was localised, was already declared by Pliny to be quite at variance with geography and with the places where amber is really found. But there was a river Radan, a confluent of the Vistula, near the Baltic, from which the Greeks obtained amber. Now, this Radan was, as usual, provided with the Hellenic ending "os," and afterwards erroneously mixed up with the Eridanos, or Po.

Sun-worship, as Pytheas already stated, existed in the North. It was a cult widely prevailing among the Germanic race—even more so than in the South; for in the North the sun is essentially a beneficent star; while in the South it is often a bringer of death, of plague, and of agricultural distress. In the Edda we repeatedly meet with a Sun-Chariot, nay, even a Sun-Daughter. In old German poetry, tales, and folklore there is an overwhelming mass of evidence for the same cult. The passages in the poetical and the prose Edda, or Norse Scripture, amply testify to a belief in a Sun drawn by a steed. And now, at last, the visible proof of that ancient, even prehistoric, creed of our common forebears has been bodily brought from under the earth, where it was so long hidden.

KARL BLIND.





A RELIC OF ANCIENT GERMANIC SUN-WORSHIP: A BRONZE SUN-CHARIOT DISCOVERED IN A PEAT MOOR AT TRUNDHOLM, SEELAND.

REPRODUCED BY THE COURTESY OF DR. SOPHUS MÜLLER, DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT COPENHAGEN.

*The Chariot in its mythological and archaeological significance is fully discussed in the article which appears on our Chess page.*



SUBMARINED! THE SCENE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE COLLISION BETWEEN No. 3 SUBMARINE AND THE RYDE STEAMER "PRINCE OF WALES," AT THE ENTRANCE TO PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH, WHO WITNESSED THE OCCURRENCE.

*The boat seemed barely to touch the steamer, but it bored its way in like a knife cutting cheese. The steamer heeled over, and in doing so, dragged the nose of the submarine downwards, and it was first thought that it was sinking like a stone. The boat, however, succeeded in reversing out of the hole, and was found to be quite uninjured. It was otherwise with the steamer, which was hastily run ashore in a sinking condition. Fortunately no lives were lost, but one of the submarine crew is reported to have received severe injuries to his leg.*



## LADIES' PAGE.

Another lady proposes to join Miss Cave in her attack on the high wall behind which men lawyers are for the time being entrenched. Miss Ivy Williams intends to ask admission to the Inner Temple. She has the distinction of being already in possession of a very high legal degree—namely, that of Bachelor of Law of London University; and when she took that examination she came out bracketed with a gentleman as second of the whole body of candidates. She also holds an honour



A SEALSKIN COAT TRIMMED WITH SABLE.

certificate from Oxford University. The decision given in Miss Cave's case was not that women are not eligible to practise law in this country: simply, the Benchers of Gray's Inn refused to open their door to the feminine knock, and the Judges declined to interfere with the Benchers' determination. Possibly the Benchers of the Inner Temple may be more amiable. In every country, however, it has been found that the lawyers in possession were disinclined to admit female competitors. Even in the United States, in almost every case the State Legislature had to pass a law distinctly declaring that women must be admitted to practise; and the same was the case in Canada and France. On the other hand, in a few States of the Union, the women who had been students of law at recognised Universities were admitted to practise without question, on proving that they held the needful degrees; and I read that in Norway, about two months ago, a lady for the first time appeared in court at Christiania to conduct a case, and the Judge permitted it, saying that though it was unprecedented, he could find no reason to forbid it.

Ruskin wrote an eloquent and fiery passage, giving his opinion that women are responsible for war. This paradox he attempted to justify by asserting that if women wished it earnestly enough, they could prevent war. This is Adam over again; women really have not the means of imposing their views on men in such matters. But there are many women who are deeply interested in trying to promote peace, and we are reminded of this by the death of Princess Gabrielle Wiszniewska, a Frenchwoman, a near relative of Victor Hugo, but married to a Russian: she founded "The Woman's Universal League for the Promotion of Peace by Education." It is stated that five million women are adherents of the League. One of the ideas of the Princess was laid before the recent Peace Congress at Rouen: it is that there should be an International postage-stamp, which should be recognised by the postal authorities of every nation. The stamp might be engraved with words to indicate that it is a symbol of peace and amity between the nations; it should be of small value only, but should enable correspondents to "enclose stamps for reply," or to pay for goods sent, as well as to write from one to another country without inquiring for a fresh stamp in each. There are difficulties in the way, but the International Postage Convention that is to be held by the various Governments in April 1904 could no doubt

overcome all obstacles if it wished. The continuous and vast increase in the cost of armaments in every country, however, shows that the advent of universal peace is still a chimera; and among men there are numbers who practically echo Moltke's words: "Universal peace is a dream, and not even a beautiful dream!"

Christmas festivities have varied in divers periods. Plum-pudding itself, the traditional dish of the season, as we suppose, is by no means ancient. Plum-porridge was the usual ancient dish, and it was eaten at the Court of St. James's as the first dish at Christmas-tide up to the beginning of the nineteenth century. It was composed of the same ingredients as the pudding, but was cooked like porridge, with much stirring in a saucepan, without a cloth; and was, of course, more moist than a pudding boiled in a cloth. Turkey, again, is not an old English dish; the bird was unknown in Europe till the days of Elizabeth, when it was brought from America. Tradition says that turkey was eaten for the first time in fashionable society at the wedding feast of Charles IX. of France. Goose is really an old English meat. Queen Elizabeth, the story goes, was eating goose when the news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada reached her, and she forthwith suggested that the bird should be annually eaten as a memorial of the event by her subjects. In ancient Egypt various kinds of birds were much in favour as food; the cruel way in which they were carried (by the tops of the two wings drawn over the poor bird's back into one hand) is to be noticed on all the walls sculptured with scenes from the life of that ancient race; but the goose was a special dish reserved for the royal table. Those who eat this bird with savoury stuffing of sage and onions at their Christmas dinner may flatter themselves that, though it may now be considered rather vulgar to do so, that is a modern heresy, and they have the true old English Christmas dinner.

Other observances have altered too—Christmas presents themselves are a novelty. Queen Elizabeth had a careful list kept of the gifts offered to her annually, but they came on New Year's Day, not Christmas. The Christmas-tree, with its load of pretty presents and gay lights, we in England obtained from the example of Queen Victoria's German consort. He clung to this kindly custom of his own country, and on the first Christmas Day that he passed at Windsor, the Christmas-tree was set up, and was ever afterwards continued. But the origin of the custom is to be traced back to Egypt. There it was the palm-tree that was used, and a branch of it was set up at the beginning of the year. The custom had a reasonable ground in the fact that the palm puts forth a new shoot every month, so that the twelve new shoots reminded the guests that another year had passed. The custom is traced also in Roman times, when about the time of our Christmas the fir-tree was set up, with its tips decorated by candles, in connection with the Saturnalia, the festival of Saturn, which came at the winter solstice, Dec. 17-21. General feasting and games marked the festival of Saturn; and many of the early Christian festivals were purposely kept as nearly as possible at the periods already devoted by Pagan custom to similar observances, so that persecution should not be aroused.

Christmas parties nowadays are sometimes given a change from the tree for the distribution of little gifts. A good-natured young man may be pressed into service as Father Christmas, and arrives in the middle of the evening's fun, laden with a large and crowded sack, from which a present for each child is forthcoming; a big beard of tow and a large hat pulled down to the eyebrows make sufficient disguise; but a "real Father Christmas" wig and beard can be hired for a small sum from all theatrical costumiers. A snow-cave and a snow-man are similar devices. In the one, cotton-wool covers a calico tent erected in the corner of the dining-room; in the other, the presents are handed from a basket by a boy clad in the same fleecy and pretty stuff. The greatest caution must be used, however, in the latter case about fire. Cotton wool is exceedingly inflammable; a taper's tiny flame or passing even near a fire may set it ablaze in a moment, and as the wearer will be swathed round with it, fatal mischief would be done before the fiercely burning wrappings could be torn off; therefore this device should not be used unless all lights and fires are well out of the way. A gypsy's tent can be substituted for the snow-cave. Gay-coloured rugs are hung over rods, and the gypsy sits in the shadow within to hand the gifts to each child in turn. This tent should be kept dark; in fact, when the children are not so small that they would be easily frightened, the room in which the tent is set up may well be very dimly lighted only, so that a mere glimmer shows the way into the tent, and a "fearful joy" attends on the venturesome entrance to get the gift. A fishing-pool is always liked by children; in this case the presents cannot be distinguished for each individual, but those for girls and those for boys can be differentiated by being wrapped in red and blue paper respectively. The pond can be a large tub, and the parcels are tied up with a good open loop so that the fishing-hook can be easily caught into the string by the successive young fishermen. One more simple device is to let the boys of the house dress up as gardeners and bring the presents in, marked for each guest in this case, in a big wheel-barrow, from which the parcels are extricated with little garden-forks, and carried by the gardeners to the destined recipients in turn.

Tablecloths de luxe are now favoured for set dinners. Their centres are composed of lace or drawn thread

insertions and embroideries. This is decorative alone, but to make it more so a piece of gold or silver gauze can be laid on the table under the lace insertion, which the gauze then gleams through with dainty effect. Silver table-decorations go with the silver gauze; gold gauze is preferable when the flower-vases are of crystal or coloured glass, and when the dinner-service has much gilding upon it. Candle-shades are a valuable aid in table-dressing. The most fashionable at present have a fringe of glass beads round the edge; the light shows these up very prettily, and the beads can be of colours to harmonise with the tint of the silk chosen for the shade, for all hues can be got in glass beads of the tiny variety that are strung for this use. A similar idea can be applied to flower-pot covering; a gathered silk is laid over a cardboard framework, and the edge is trimmed round with a fringe of beads.

Lace and sequined gowns are as much in fashion for evening wear as they ever were; every kind of lace is used, from the real Brussels point robe that costs three hundred pounds to the filet net, embroidered with big, coarse-looking, long stitches in thick cotton thread or in creweel wool—for this last in white does excellently for decorating net with a rough but effective pattern, either a geometrical design or something like clusters of grapes or currants. This novel embroidery trims the feet of the skirts and also the sleeves and the berthe. Fringe is commonly called in to supplement the long stitchery, and really the combined effect is extremely good, though heavy. It much improves this embroidered net to be placed over one layer of chiffon. Sleeves are often seen on evening dresses, but they are always fantastic and not truly sleeves. Two or three deep frills of lace may cover the arm to the elbow, or even to the wrist; or a gauged or embroidered tight-fitting sleeve may come as far as the elbow, and then a very, very full frill of lace, almost amounting to an angel-sleeve, fall wide and loose. Or even more elaborately may the arm-covering be designed, as, for example, in the following gown: a shoulder-band of lace passed just across the point of the shoulder, then the top of the arm was left bare to immediately above the elbow, where a band of lace passed round it (of course it was attached to an under-arm piece,



A CHINCHILLA HAT AND STOLE WITH A TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

that was set into the armhole to support the rest), and from this armlet, as it were, there fell an immense *bouffante* loose sleeve of the chiffon, of which the rest of the gown was built. This bodice had a little bolero of lace, edged with silver fringe; and a similar fringe passed round the berthe. The skirt was fully gauged at the hips, and trimmed at the feet with V-shaped points of lace headed with silver passementerie. Sleeves are quite the chief feature of all sorts of gowns at present.

One of our Illustrations is of a sealskin coat trimmed with sable; in the other is seen a chinchilla hat and stole worn with a tailor-made gown. FILOMENA.



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## ACROSS THE ANDES BY RAIL.

Since 1891, when the first section of the Transandine Railway was thrown open for traffic, the line has steadily advanced until it reached the foot of the summit ridge at Las Cuevas, last year. Near Cuevas is the Inca bridge, a natural arch of seventy feet span, composed of rock and stone, cemented by the



ACROSS THE ANDES BY RAIL: ONE OF THE NATURAL MARVELS OF SOUTH AMERICA—THE INCA BRIDGE.

carbonate of lime and oxide of iron deposited by mineral springs. The most likely origin of the arch is a rock-fall into the river gorge blocked with snow. At this point there is a considerable avalanche, and the rock-fall probably became wedged and finally consolidated. Our photographs are lent by the Transandine Railway Company.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The new Bishop of Glasgow is Provost Campbell, of Perth, a son-in-law of Lord Middleton. Provost Campbell is well known in the Midlands, as he held the important living of All Souls, Leeds, for eight years. He had previously been Rector of Castle Rising, Norfolk.

Canon Mansfield Owen, who succeeds Canon Strange as Vicar of Edgbaston Old Church, was inducted to the parish by the Bishop of Worcester. At the close of his address, Dr. Gore said he hoped that by continuous prayer and the liberality of those who cared for the Church, "we shall have this great and unwieldy diocese divided, and a Bishop of Birmingham instituted before very long."

The selection of the Rev. J. W. Diggle as Archdeacon of Birmingham has given much satisfaction in the diocese. Mr. Diggle is a man of remarkable ability, an effective preacher and platform speaker, as well as a successful organiser. He spent the first twenty-one years of his ministry at Liverpool, and was afterwards Canon of Carlisle. It is believed that if Bishop Gore's dream of a new See of Birmingham finds early realisation, Dr. Gore himself will be the first Bishop of Birmingham, and that Archdeacon Diggle will succeed him at Worcester.

The C.M.S. Million Shillings Fund is doing so well that Dr. Lankester, the originator of the scheme, says he should not be surprised if two million shillings were contributed; gifts and promises already amount to over £17,000.

The Bishop of Truro celebrates his birthday on Christmas Day. He is now seventy-three. He has entirely recovered from his recent ill-health, and is working with the energy and zeal of a man in mid-life. Dr. Gott has won great popularity since his enthronement at Truro twelve years ago, and as a preacher his reputation has been steadily growing.

The late Canon Joy spent the greater part of his clerical life in Yorkshire. He was ordained in 1857, and for two years held the lectureship in connection with the parish church of Leeds. He afterwards became Vicar of Bramley, where he worked for seven years. After holding other benefices, he was preferred in 1896

to the important Vicarage of Maidstone. Canon Joy was very popular with men of all classes, and had numerous friends among Nonconformists.

Bishop Talbot's son was ordained deacon in Rochester Cathedral on Sunday.

The funeral of Canon Donaldson, of Truro, took place last week at Kenwyn churchyard, in presence of a large gathering of relatives and friends. The Nonconformist ministers of Truro paid striking tributes to the memory of the late Canon. He was described as a man of strong personality and pronounced convictions, who was also in



ACROSS THE ANDES BY RAIL: THE APPROACH TO THE INCA BRIDGE STATION.

the truest sense a Christian gentleman. His work in the Temperance cause would long be remembered.

The Rev. C. Silvester Horne is making his Mission at Whitefield's a centre of Christmas reunions for the lonely workers of the Tottenham Court Road district. The Toplady Hall has been open every day during the present week, and on Christmas Eve provision was made for late travellers from Euston and King's Cross. After the closing of business houses, young people have often many hours to spend before the departure of the cheap trains, and at Whitefield's they have been able to enjoy warmth, comfort, and inexpensive meals.—V.



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# The Simplest Truths are Mightiest in their Force!! IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

'Her joy was Duty,  
And love was Law.'

ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST POETIC GEMS:  
MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.  
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.  
Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee  
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.  
But when she glanced to the far-off town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down,  
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her breast—  
A wish, that she hardly dare to own,  
For something better than she had known.  
The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.  
He drew his bridle in the shade  
Of the apple-trees to greet the maid,  
And asked a draught from the spring that  
flowed  
Through the meadow across the road.  
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,  
And filled for him her small tin cup,  
And blushed as she gave it, looking down  
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.  
"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter  
draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."  
He spoke of the grass and flowers and  
trees,  
Of the singing birds and the humming  
bees;  
Then talked of the hay, and wondered  
whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul  
weather.  
And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,  
And her graceful ankles bare and brown,  
And listened, while a pleased surprise  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.  
At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.  
Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!  
"That I the Judge's bride might be!  
"He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
"And praise and toast me at his wine.  
"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;  
"My brother should sail a painted boat;  
"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,  
"And the baby should have a new toy each  
day.  
"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,  
"And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,  
And saw Maud Muller standing still.  
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
"Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet;

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,  
"Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,  
"But low of cattle and song of birds,  
"And health and quiet and loving words."



Maud Muller.

"And her modest answer and graceful air  
"Show her wise and good as she is fair.  
"Would she were mine, and I to-day,  
"Like her, a harvester of hay:

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,  
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.  
So closing his heart, the Judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he hummed in Court an old love tune.  
And the young girl mused beside the well  
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.  
He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.  
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,  
He watched a picture come and go;  
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.  
Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside well instead;  
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms  
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.  
And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,  
"Ah that I was free again!  
"Free, as when I rode that day,  
"Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."  
She wedded a man unlearned and poor,  
And many children played round her door.  
But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain.  
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,  
And she heard the little spring brook fall  
Over the roadside, through the wall,  
In the shade of the apple-tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein.  
And, gazing down with timid grace,  
She felt his pleasant eyes meet her face.  
Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls;  
The weary wheel to a spinner turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned,  
And for him who sat by the chimney lug,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,  
A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty and love was law.  
Then she took up her burden of life again,  
Saying only, "It might have been."  
Alas! for maiden, alas! for Judge,  
For rich repiner and household drudge!  
God pity them both! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.  
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: "It might have been."  
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes;  
And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away!

WHITIER.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

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The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' upon any Disordered or Feverish condition, or for Sea-Sickness, is Simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—Examine the Bottle and Capsule, and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Otherwise you have a WORTHLESS Imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 24, 1900), with two codicils (dated Oct. 24, 1900, and April 11, 1901), of Mr. Richard Frederick Crawshay, of Tymawr, Abergavenny, who died on Oct. 25, was proved on Dec. 10 by Mrs. Tempé Isabella Crawshay, the widow, Robert Thompson Crawshay, the brother, and Wellington Taylor, the executors, the value of the estate being £536,437. The testator gives £300, the use during her widowhood of Tymawr, and such an annual sum as will make her income up to £2500 per annum, to his wife; £200 to his brother; £100 to Wellington Taylor; an annuity of £50 to his late bailiff, Rees Jones, and his wife, Elizabeth; and legacies to servants. Subject to the interest of Mrs. Crawshay, he leaves the Tymawr property, in trust, for his son Richard Oakes. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his children, the share of a son to be double that of a daughter.

The will (dated June 18, 1901) of Mr. Edward Jones, of Snatchwood Park, Monmouth, colliery proprietor, who died on Sept. 4, was proved on Dec. 5 by William Rees Jones and Percy Howard Jones, the sons, and John Paton, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £140,223. The testator bequeaths £500, an annuity of £1500, the household and domestic effects, and the use of Snatchwood Park to his wife, Mrs. Susan Jones; 500 shares in Partridge, Jones, and Co., and during the life of their mother annuities of £200 each, to his daughters Mrs. Edith Llewellyn and Mrs. Susan Paton; and £1000, in trust, for his sisters Sybil and Martha Jones, and on the death of the survivor of them for the children of his sister Mrs. Jane Williams. On the decease of Mrs. Jones he gives various lands, farms, and shares to his five sons, William Rees, Percy Howard, Edward Herbert, Godfrey Ernest, and Thomas

Howard. The residue of his property he leaves to his said sons in equal shares.

The will (dated May 13, 1887), with a codicil (dated Dec. 16, 1896), of Mr. William Derry, of Houndiscombe, Plymouth, who died on March 9, was proved on Dec. 4 by James Elliot Square and Robert Hogarth Clay, the executors, the value of the estate being £138,878. The testator gives £600, and while she remains his widow the use of his house in Lansdowne Place, and the income

The will (dated July 30, 1901), with a codicil (dated Aug. 21, 1902), of Mr. Edward Kelsey, of The Culverden Brewery, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Oct. 9, was proved on Dec. 11 by Edward Maughan Kelsey, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £127,160. The testator gives various public-houses and lands in Kent to his two sons, Edward Maughan and Arthur Reginald, but charged with the payment of £40,000, such sum to be held in trust for his two daughters, Emmeline and Mary Sybilla; and during the widowhood of his wife, Mrs. Lucy Kelsey, £533 per annum, part of the income thereof, is to be paid to her. He gives £200 and the household effects to his wife; £5000 to his son Edward Maughan; and the residue of his property to his two sons.

The will (dated Jan. 20, 1889), with a codicil (dated Aug. 10, 1897), of the Right Hon. Charles Seale-Hayne, P.C., M.P., of 6, Upper Belgrave Street, Kingswear Castle, Devon, and Pitt House, Chudleigh, who died on Nov. 22, was proved on Dec. 5 by Richard Edward Jennings, William Smith, and George Lambert, M.P., the executors, the value of the estate being £119,505. The testator bequeaths £25,000 each to his uncles Richard and William Jennings; £5000 to his uncle Edward Seale; £5000 each to the children of his uncle Richard Jennings; £5000 each to his executors; £4000 to Mrs. Frances Fitzgerald; an annuity of £100 to his aunt, Mrs. A Seale; and £500 each to William Crown, Mary Ann Conquest, and Elizabeth Lynn. The residue of his property he leaves in trust to found and endow a college for the education of artisans

and others, primarily in the manufactures, industries, and products of Devonshire at Newton Abbott.

The will (dated May 11, 1903), with a codicil (of Sept. 24 following), of Mr. Benjamin St. John Attwood-Mathews, J.P., D.L., of Pontrilas Court, Hereford, who died on Oct. 4, has been proved by Mrs. Florence



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from £10,000, to his wife, Mrs. Honoria Louisa Derry; 50 guineas each to his executors; £2000, in trust, for his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Anna Georgina Derry; and £100 each to his sons Ernest David William, Henry Martin, and Evans. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Percy Augustus, and his children by his present wife.

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Gold Medals,  
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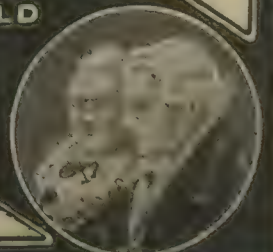
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## THE OUTCAST.

"A wunnerful ill-deservin' man, to my thinkin'," said the carter; and drained his glass.

"Seems to me as nobody didn't ought to talk to 'un," remarked the butcher; "poor, dear thing!"

"Well, well," said the carrier, "I don't think as 'ow ye'll do right not to pass 'un th' time o' day since 'is poor wife's been took. Vengeance is mine, says th' Loord; an' He won't want ye to meddle with what ain't y' business. Not but what I ain't goin' to say James didn't allus not treat the poor, dear thing well. In 'is cups mebbe 'e were nasty an' wexatious; but there there's many like 'un, an' that's why one glass o' ale sarves me at all times."

The carrier went out; it is his habit to come into the Wheatsheaf suddenly, lay down the law upon the subject that is being discussed, and depart as abruptly as he came.

James Wace, the carpenter, has lost his wife. She "took ill," as the local phrase has it, at the close of last summer, and passed at the time of the cuckoo's return. I don't know that she was very popular in Maychester. A hard-working woman with little time or care for gossip, she passed her life almost unnoticed; but since she died her popularity has gone up by leaps and bounds. In the first place, a specialist came all the way from Market Waldron to assist the local doctor in his diagnosis and confirm the crushing verdict that nothing could be done. Secondly, she had more

bottles of medicine than anybody has been known to get in the history of the parish; and finally, her husband, who drinks too well rather than wisely from time to time, is quarrelsome when drunk. Rumour says that at times when the spirits moved him he beat his wife "terrible cruel." How far the rumour is justified I do not know, but it gained ground and spread as all village stories will, and now the poor woman has gone to her rest, the village has one of the periodical fits of morality that are peculiar to our country. Does not Lord Macaulay denounce these epidemics in one of his essays? I seem to remember a passage relating to them.

I went down to the carpenter's shop. There is a large shed well stored with wood at the street corner, and beyond the shed the dwelling-house looks on to the road from the middle of an old-fashioned garden full of herbaceous plants. Mr. and Mrs. Wace were accustomed to live in two rooms and to let the six remaining ones in the summer months when the few folk who know Maychester snap up all the accommodation it can spare. It must have been hard work to wait on the visitors, cook for them and her husband, and keep the whole place and the garden too in perfect order; but the work was profitable, and the little house has a look of prosperity that accounts in part, no doubt, for the ill-will of the neighbours who lacked space or capacity to entertain strangers.

Jem Wace sat at his grindstone attending to some chisels, and, hearing footsteps, looked up with a very ugly scowl. When he saw me he changed the scowl to a smile of welcome, then grew very red in the face,

and then, to my astonishment, burst out crying like a child.

"It's wunnerful 'ard she's took," he gasped between his sobs. "Loord, she ought to ha' kept alive. Thirty pound less 'two shillin' I spent in five month, what wi' th' funeral expenses an' all that. I'd ha' thought she'd ha' come round f'r thirty pound. An' now it's all gone, an' so 'as she."

He is a great burly man, who might have stood for Longfellow's blacksmith; but his trouble, together with the silence and contempt of his neighbours, had quite unmanned him.

I offered what consolation I could.

"Loord love us," he went on in a broken voice, "she was took so sudden like; last summer she were bustlin' suthin' wunnerful. An' this year she was gooin' to white an' paper all th' rooms. I can't goo into them now. An' if I could, I can't keep 'em as she did, poor thing. An' only last year we refurbished 'em anew, that we did. Spent a matter of eight pound eleven and five. An' thirty she 's cost me less two shillin'—that 's nigh forty pound, all lost. It's terrible for a poor man, an' no mistake. There, you should ha' seen th' medicine she took."

"An' the neighbours," he went on bitterly, "wunnerful nasty they've been. It's all along o' 'er family. They come friendly enough when th' poor dear was lyin' ill; they come to th' funeral, and I give 'em a good tea an' they ate wery 'earty. Then they come agen, an' I give 'em all th' pore dear's clothes, good useful things all o' them, an' well mended and fit for anybody; an'

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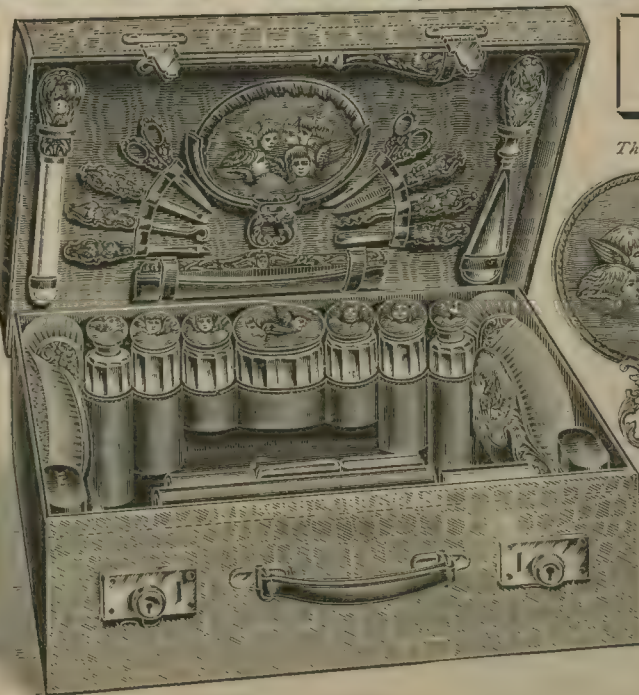
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Your rages harm no more  
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then they didn't never come no more, and hain't been since."

His troubles mastered him again. I sat helpless to comfort him.

"They've been a-sayin' things about me, too," he said at last; "all manner o' things about me what don't concern 'em, an' never did. I wish th' poor dear were alive; she'd gie them a bit o' th' rough edge o' the tongue, an' tell 'em to mind their business. They don't know that I've paid nigh thirty pound in th' five months, but she did, poor dear, f'r many's th' time I said it to 'er. I ast 'er to git well, an' I told 'er that if she didn't it 'ud be thirty pound thrown away before she was under ground. An' she said as 'ow she'd do 'er best; an' she did too, to my thinkin'. But there, she was to be took, an' she was took, that's all.

"It's no good," he added after another pause; "I'll just ha' to go. Twenty-three year I've been 'ere an' no mistake, but since th' poor dear died, there ain't been no work 'ardly, an' if people does come down f'r th' summer, I can't cook for 'em an' tend 'em. There's nigh forty pound gone, wi' th' thirty th' poor dear took, an' th' eight eleven five f'r th' furniture; an' I'm

gettin' old an' th' trade's a-gettin' bad, an' nobody don't speak to me, an' I'm right tired o' things altogether."

This conversation is a week old, but the house is already up to let, and the carpenter walks in silence among his old associates preparing to seek another home and begin his life again.

The Poor Children's Society, which last year gave a Christmas dinner to 4872 poor little ones, wishes this year to benefit 5000. Subscriptions should be sent to the director, Shaftesbury Hall, Trinity Street, E.C.

Mr. Gilbert Dalziel has just retired from the editorship and proprietorship of our ancient and familiar friend *Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday*, which paper he founded in 1884.

We extend our annual welcome to the Proceedings of that learned society, the Upper Norwood Athenæum. The volume for 1903, edited by Messrs. J. Stanley and W. F. Harradence, is even more choice than usual in point of illustration and typography. During the past year the society has visited Oxford, and the report

of the pilgrimage contains a particularly beautiful woodcut of the St. Aldate's front of Christ Church.

The Alexandra Hospital for Children with hip disease, with its ninety-seven beds, brings hope to many otherwise hopeless poor cases. Its work is national, for it receives patients from all parts of England. Help is at present urgently needed to meet outstanding bills, and subscriptions will be gratefully acknowledged by the secretary of the hospital. The bankers are Messrs. Hoare.

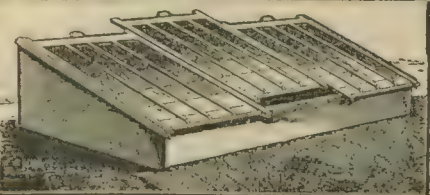
Those who are now searching the booksellers' shelves, for gift-books suited to the taste of their boy friends—and surely their name is legion!—may be recommended Mr. Reginald Wray's "Beyond the Northern Lights; a Tale of Strange Adventure in Unknown Seas" (London: Burleigh. 6s.) Doubtless the outline of the story, as the author himself confesses, verges upon the improbable, if not upon the impossible; but there will be few lads who will cavil at the play Mr. Wray has allowed his practised imagination. After all, the doings of Jules Verne's heroes, for example, are not invariably easy of credence. We note that the volume is No. 1 of "The Reginald Wray Adventure Series," a series that, judging by this pioneer, is likely to be much extended.

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A Delicious Dish at a Moment's Notice.  
OF ALL GROCERS.



## HALFORD'S INDIAN CURRIES

Chicken, Rabbit, Mutton, Lobster, Prawns, Sauce, Powder, Chutnee, Paste.

THE "ORIGINAL" AND ONLY GENUINE.

It takes Six Ordinary Burners to give the light of One

## WELSBACH

The Six Ordinary Burners consume 30 ft. of Gas per hour. Welsbach Kern Burner No. 3, uses only 3 ft. per hour.

All Stores and Ironmongers sell fully warranted Welsbach Kern Burners in Six sizes from 2/6. Mantles 6d. each.

Be careful to see the TRADE MARK "AUR" on every Mantle and Burner. None are genuine without it.

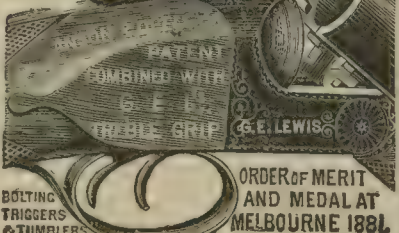
## G. E. LEWIS'S GUNS.

"The Gun of the Period."

TRADE MARK REGISTERED.

HONOURS, PARIS, 1878.  
DIPLOMA & MEDAL SYDNEY, 1879,  
AND CALCUTTA, 1883-4.

SAFETY



ORDER OF MERIT  
AND MEDAL AT  
MELBOURNE 1884

G. E. LEWIS'S HAMMERLESS TREBLE GRIP BREECHLOADER is the highest development of the gunmaker's art. The opening of the gun for loading cocks it and bolts the triggers automatically, thus making it the safest gun before the public.

PRICE FROM 10 TO 50 GUINEAS.

Send six stamps for Catalogue of our stock of finished Guns ready for delivery, which is the largest in England. Buy direct and save dealers' profits. We guarantee the shooting and endurance of our Guns and Rifles is second to none.

G. E. LEWIS, GUN MAKER, BIRMINGHAM.  
(ESTABLISHED 1850.)

## TRIAL BOTTLE 6 SEEGER'S OL

### GREY HAIR

Prepared at Seeger's Hair Dye Laboratory, Berlin, "Seeger's Ol" far surpasses any French or English Dye, in that it does not impart the ludicrous sage-green, or red, or coffee, tints which characterize other Dyes. It contains no lead, no mercury, no sulphur. It has simply to be combed into the hair and remains permanent and washable. The testimony of hundreds of users confirms the fact that it is absolutely innocuous. Medical guarantee with each bottle. *Slate Shade Required.* Bottles 3s. 6d., packed in plain wrapper, post free, 3s. 9d. Trial Bottle, post free, 7d.

HINDS (CURLERS), LTD.,  
1, Tabernacle St., London.

## D'ALMAINE AND CO.—PIANOS AND ORGANS. All Improvements.

Approval Carriage Free both ways. Easy terms. 20 years' warranty. Secondhand good Cottages from 7 guineas; iron-framed full trichord Pianos from 10/6 per month. Organs from 4 guineas. Full price paid allowed within three years if exchanged for a higher class instrument.

D'ALMAINE and CO. (Estd. 118 years).

91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.

Open till 7. Saturdays 3.

Will not split in the seams. Will not tear in the fabric.

## DIAGONAL SEAM

Write for Illustrated Price List to the Y & N Corset Factory, Bristol.

## Y&N CORSETS

GUARANTEED WEAR. At Home and Abroad.

## A BOON TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

WATSON'S "ANTINOUS" SHUTTER RELEASE. Made entirely of Metal. No Valves to Leak. No Rubber to Perish.

STAND ANY CLIMATE. Last indefinitely. Price 2/6. Of all dealers and W. WATSON & SONS, Dep. A, 313, High Holborn, London, and 16, Forrest Road, Edinburgh.

## Hildebrand's

### High Class Chocolates & Pralines

Sole Agents to the Trade only—KNECHT & CO., 31, MAIDEN LANE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

## TRIUMPH Cycles

£10 10 to £19 19 or by Deferred Payment System. "The Best Bicycle that British Workmanship can produce." CATALOGUES GRATIS.

TRIUMPH CYCLE CO. LTD., COVENTRY  
4 and 5, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.  
30 Deansgate Arcade, Manchester. 4 King Edward St. Leeds

London Office: 20, Cockspur St. S.W.

## THERE IS NO DOUBT about the age & genuineness of

# CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY.

THE EXCISE DEPT. of the Canadian Government guarantee these by a Certificate over the capsule of every bottle.

Obtainable throughout the World

## NO MORE ASTHMA

FROM THIS MOMENT.

Awarded one hundred thousand francs Gold and Silver Medals and admitted to be unrivalled. Particulars gratis and post free from DR. CLERY, 53, BOULEVARD ST. MARTIN, PARIS

DEPOT: WILCOX, JOZEAU, AND CO., 49, Haymarket, London, S.W.

## HOVENDEN'S "EASY" HAIR CURLER

WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.

ARE EFFECTIVE, AND REQUIRE NO SKILL TO USE.

For Very Bold Curls TRY OUR "IMPERIAL" CURLERS.

SAME PRICE 12 CURLERS IN BOX. Post Free for 8 Stamps OF ALL HAIRDRESSERS, &c.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS. The GENUINE has our TRADE MARK on right-hand corner of label, thus:

Wholesale only, R. HOVENDEN & SONS, Ltd., BERNERS STREET, W., & CITY ROAD, E.C.

## C. Brandauer & Co.'s Ltd.

### CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 7 stamps to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

London Warehouse: 124, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.

## BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

50 Years' Reputation.

FOR COUGHS & COLDS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, LOSS OF VOICE.

Of all Chemists, 1/1½ per box.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.



PURVEYORS

TO THE KING

# Crosse & Blackwells' Soup

IN GLASSES,  
TINS AND TABLETS.

OF GROCERS, ALL STORES, ETC.



# MARIANI WINE

4/- Per Bottle. 45/- Per Doz.

**STRENGTHENING. STIMULATING. REFRESHING.**

8000 PHYSICIANS have sent unsolicited testimonials as to the truly remarkable health-giving, nourishing, and recuperative powers of MARIANI WINE.

**MARIANI WINE, THE BEST AND SUREST TONIC RESTORATIVE FOR GENERAL DEBILITY, EXHAUSTION & WANT OF ENERGY.**

Delivered free from WILCOX & Co., 49, Haymarket, London, S.W.; or of all Chemists and Stores.

**A Perfect Underwear for all Seasons.**

Made of Pure Wool, and adaptations of Silk and Wool, in all weights and varieties. The "HENDAWICK" Trade Mark is a guarantee that only selected materials are used. To be obtained from all high-class outfitters.

# Hendawick

Scotch Made UNDERWEAR



By Royal Warrant to His Majesty the King

# Dewar's White Label

The Whisky Recommended by Doctors

Do You Live Every Minute?

## DO YOU LIVE EVERY MINUTE OF THE DAY?

No doubt you have heard the expression, "He lives every minute of the day." It means a great deal.

The person of whom that is said, enjoys life to the fullest extent. He feels that it is a good thing to live.

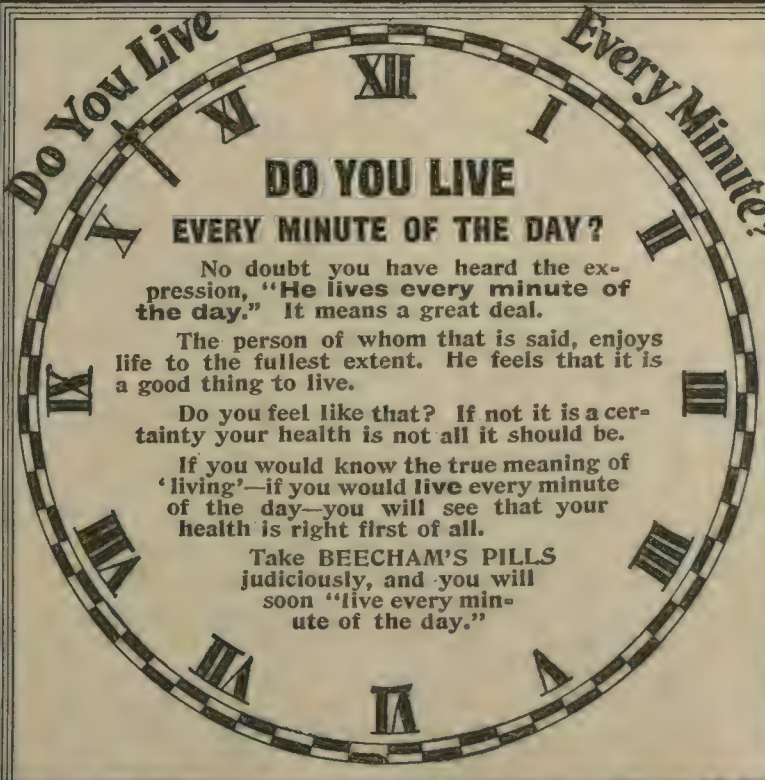
Do you feel like that? If not it is a certainty your health is not all it should be.

If you would know the true meaning of 'living'—if you would live every minute of the day—you will see that your health is right first of all.

Take BEECHAM'S PILLS judiciously, and you will soon "live every minute of the day."

# Beecham's Pills

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX"





# VACUUM (Under BOOTH'S PATENTS) CLEANING

The ONLY System of its kind in the Whole World.

And in all the leading Countries of the World Companies are working under these Patents.

THE BRITISH VACUUM CLEANER CO., Ltd.  
(PARENT COMPANY),  
25, Victoria Street,  
LONDON.

THE NORTHERN VACUUM CLEANER CO., Ltd.,  
Calvert's Chambers,  
Land's Lane,  
LEEDS.

Working: Northumberland, Durham, Yorkshire, Westmorland, and Cumberland.

THE LANCASHIRE AND CENTRAL COUNTIES VACUUM CLEANER CO., Ltd.,  
Lincoln Works,  
CHESTERFIELD.

Working: Lancashire, Cheshire, Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, and Isle of Man.

THE EASTERN VACUUM CLEANER CO., Ltd.,  
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CHARING CROSS,  
S.W.

Working: Middlesex, Buckinghamshire, Berkshire, Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, Bedfordshire, Norfolk, Essex, Lincolnshire, Hertfordshire, Suffolk, Northamptonshire, and Rutland.

## UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE. HOUSE CLEANING BY VACUUM.

IN USE AT  
BUCKINGHAM PALACE,  
WINDSOR CASTLE,  
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT,  
BRITISH MUSEUM,

LAW COURTS,  
STOCK EXCHANGE,  
BANK OF ENGLAND,  
ROTHSCHILD'S BANK,

All Leading London Theatres, and other Important Buildings.

INVALUABLE FOR SANITARY REASONS.

ALL DUST ABSTRACTED from Carpets, Curtains, Upholstered Furniture, Bedding, &c., WITHOUT DISTURBING Room or Carpet.

NO RISK to Fabric, thus proving ABSOLUTE SUPERIORITY over every other method.

TRY IT and save TIME! EXPENSE! ANNOYANCE! and SERVANTS!

PRIVATE HOUSES, HOTELS, BOARDING ESTABLISHMENTS, &c., cleaned throughout in a few hours.

THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES VACUUM CLEANER CO., Ltd.,  
8, Claremont,  
HASTINGS.

Working: Surrey, Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, and Isle of Wight.

THE MIDLAND VACUUM CLEANER CO., Ltd.,  
Manchester Buildings,  
Upper Priory,  
BIRMINGHAM.

Working: Warwickshire, Staffordshire, and Worcestershire.

THE WESTERN COUNTIES VACUUM CLEANER CO., Ltd.,  
9, Foynes Street,  
DUBLIN.

Working: Monmouthshire, Salop, Herefordshire, Wales, and Ireland.

THE SOUTH-WESTERN VACUUM CLEANER CO., Ltd.,  
Cobden House,  
Regent Street,  
CHELTENHAM.

Working: Devonshire, Worcestershire, Dorset, Cornwall, Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, Somersetshire, Wiltshire, Channel and Scilly Isles.

THOUSANDS OF UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

PRICE LISTS and ESTIMATES FREE from above CENTRES, or from AGENTS in every town throughout the United Kingdom.

# CHIVERS'

"Absolutely Pure, and Free from Adulteration."—Family Doctor.

FLAVOURED WITH RIPE FRUIT JUICES.

CHIVERS & SONS, LTD., HISTON, CAMBRIDGE,  
First English Fruit Growers' Jam Factory.

# JELLIES.

## LADY SYKES ON HAIR-GROWING.

"2, Chesterfield Street, Mayfair, W.

"When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims' 'Tatcho' I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying 'Tatcho' I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend 'Tatcho.'"

(Lady) JESSICA SYKES.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims' "Tatcho" has completely revolutionised all past ineffective methods of hair-treatment.

**Cockle's** THE OLDEST PATENT MEDICINE  
**Antibilious**  
**Pills**  
IN BOXES AT 1/12 2/9 4/6 1/- EACH

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD. BELFAST  
And 166 to 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Manufacturers to His Most Gracious Majesty the King.

**CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS**  
Children's, 1/3 doz. HEMSTITCHED.  
Ladies', 2/3 " Ladies', 2/9 doz.  
Gents', 3/3 " Gents', 3/11 "

SAMPLES & PRICE LISTS POST FREE.  
N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

THE GENUINE KAMPFE **STAR SAFETY RAZOR**  
SPECIAL SHOW THIS WEEK—  
CLEMENTS, City Cutlers,  
16, London St., and all their Branches.  
Every Blade bears Trade Mark.

KAMPFE BROS.  
HANDSOME PRESENT.  
In Combination Metal Box,  
7/6 Morocco Case, 10/- to 25.  
MARKT & CO.,  
(Dept. B), 20, Chapel St.,  
London, E.C.  
Sole Agents.  
Write for Catalogue.

**DON'T USE KEATING'S LOZENGES COUGH**  
SOLD EVERYWHERE IN TINS 1/12 EACH

A First Class Razor for 2/6  
Specially shaped for easy Handling

Warranted Hollow Ground and best quality Silver Steel. Gold Medal Awarded.

Black Handle 2/6  
2 in a Leather Case 6/6.  
Ivory Handle 5/-  
2 in a Leather Case 12/6.

ERN'S ATOR RAZOR

To be obtained through all dealers, if any difficulty apply to  
ERN'S ATOR CO., 27, Milton Street, London, E.C. for wholesale only.

## DEAFNESS

And HEAD NOISES Relieved by Using  
WILSON'S  
COMMON-SENSE EAR-DRUMS.  
A New Scientific Invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail and where medical skill has given no relief. They are soft, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment.  
Write for Pamphlet. Mention this Paper.

WILSON EAR-DRUM CO.  
Drum in Position. D. H. WILSON, 59, South Bridge, EDINBURGH.

## CLARKE'S PATENT "PYRAMID" FOOD WARMER.



INVALUABLE IN EVERY HOUSE  
WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD  
SOLD EVERYWHERE  
2/6 3/6 5/- AND 6/6 EACH

FOR UPWARDS OF 50 YEARS THE  
PREMIER NURSERY LAMP  
OF THE WORLD.

## CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS

are the only LIGHTS suitable for burning in the above.

CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO., LTD.  
CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON, N.W.

"CRICKLITE" LAMPS, with CLARKE'S double wick WAX LIGHTS, are now much in favour for Lighting Dining Tables, &c.

Pattern Books sent free on Application.  
Show Rooms: 132, REGENT STREET, W.

## 'CRICKLITE' LAMPS

For DOUBLE-WICK WAX LIGHTS or ELECTRIC LIGHT.



FOR THE DINNER TABLE.

A SHOW-ROOM HAS BEEN OPENED AT  
132, REGENT STREET, W.,  
for the Sale of these Charming Lamps for Lighting

DINNER TABLES, &c.,  
for which purpose they are MOST EFFECTIVE.

CAUTION—Purchasers are requested to see that the Trade Mark "CRICKLITE" is upon every Lamp and Standard, also Silk and Glass Shades, as imitations are being offered. Legal proceedings will be taken against any dealer selling or offering for sale a Lamp as a "CRICKLITE" Lamp—not being made by the Manufacturers.

CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO., LTD.,  
CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON N.W.  
PATTERN BOOK SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION.



# THE RACE NOT TO THE SWIFT; OR, A VAIN QUEST FOR GLORY.

DRAWN BY VICTOR VENNER.



1  
ATALANTA WAS ALWAYS MAD ABOUT ATHLETES, RUNNERS ESPECIALLY, & INFORMED ME ONE DAY THAT THE DESIRE OF HER HEART WAS TO WITNESS A RACE BETWEEN SNIFFKINS & ME FROM FALLOW CORNER TO MARSTONS OAK. HER REWARD TO THE VICTOR, SHE DECLARED, WOULD BE WORTHY OF SUCH A STUPENDOUS EFFORT.

2  
SEEING A CHANCE OF OUR DEAREST HOPES BEING REALISED SNIFFKINS & I

ARRANGED WITH MAJOR OLDSTRAW TO START US

3  
REMEMBERING GOOD ADVICE, I ALLOWED SNIFFKINS TO LEAD THROUGH THE VILLAGE WHERE OUR APPEARANCE CAUSED CONSIDERABLE ADMIRATION.

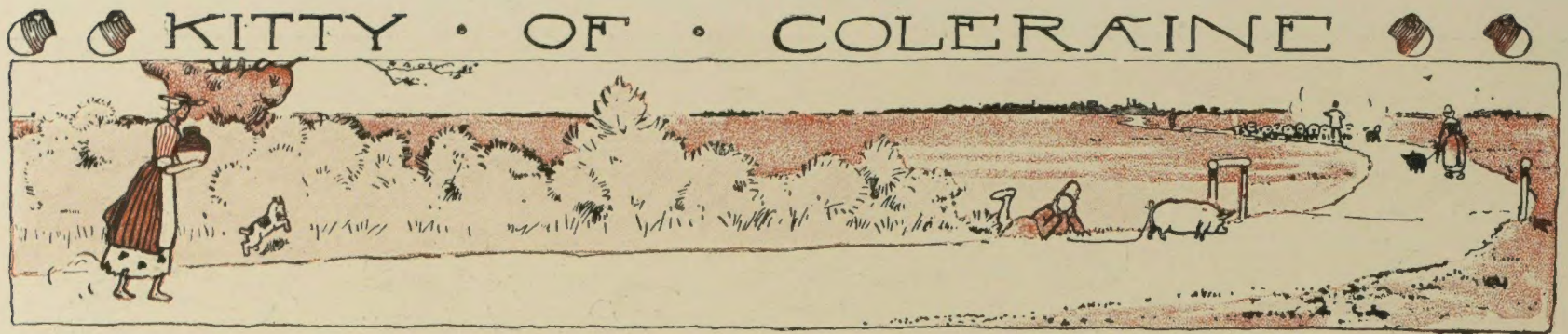
4  
THINKING SNIFFKINS TO BE A RUNAWAY, THE LOCAL BEADLE ARRESTED HIM IN HIS WILD CAREER.

5  
IT TOOK SOME TIME TO EXPLAIN MATTERS, BUT WE WERE ALLOWED TO PROCEED

VICTOR VENNER.

[Continued on page IV.]





S · BEAUTIFUL · KITTY  
 ONE · MORNING · WAS · TRIPPING  
 WITH · A · PITCHER · OF · MILK  
 FROM · THE · FAIR · AT · COLERAINE  
 WHEN · SHE · SAW · ME · SHE · STUMBL'D  
 THE · PITCHER · DOWN · TUMBLED  
 AND · ALL · THE · SWEET · BUTTER-MILK  
 WATERED · THE · PLAIN  
 'OH! WHAT · SHALL · I · DO · NOW ?  
 TWAS · LOOKING · AT · YOU · NOW  
 SURE · SURE · SUCH · A · PITCHER  
 I'LL · NE'ER · MEET · AGAIN  
 TWAS · THE · PRIDE · OF · MY · DAIRY  
 O · BARNEY · MC · CLEARY  
 YOU'RE · SENT · AS · A · PLACUE  
 TO · THE · GIRLS · OF · COLERAINE



· I · SAT · DOWN · BESIDE · HER · AND · GENTLY · DID · CHIDE · HER ·



BY EDWARD LYSAGHT ILLUSTRATED BY CECIL ALDIN



**I** SAT DOWN BESIDE HER,  
AND GENTLY DID CHIDE HER  
THAT SUCH A MISFORTUNE  
SHOULD GIVE HER SUCH PAIN;  
A KISS THEN I GAVE HER,  
AND ERE I DID LAVE HER,  
SHE VOWED FOR SUCH PLEASURE  
SHE'D BREAK IT AGAIN.  
'T WAS HAYMAKING SEASON —  
I CAN'T TELL THE REASON —  
MISFORTUNES WILL NEVER COME SINGLE  
'T IS PLAIN.  
FOR VERY SOON AFTER  
POOR KITTY'S DISASTER  
THE DEVIL A PITCHER  
WAS WHOLE IN COLERAINE



THE DEVIL A PITCHER WAS WHOLE IN COLERAINE



# THE RACE NOT TO THE SWIFT; OR, A VAIN QUEST FOR GLORY.

DRAWN BY VICTOR VENNER.

